JOHN BULL, JUNE 1, 1940. TWOPENCE

JOHN BULL

VOL. LXVII 1772

AIR RAIDS! £200 INSURANCE POLICY FREE FOR EVERY READER

TESTING TIME for YOU

DEFEATISTS ARE TRAITORS *by* **A.G.G.**

Good for

SLEEPLESSNESS

You've had something more than a drink when you've had a GUINNESS

MY SIGNATURE—

John White

GUARANTEES

THIS DEPENDABLE FOOTWEAR

SAVE MONEY on your footwear and enjoy a higher standard of comfort. As the largest makers of men's boots and shoes in the United Kingdom I offer values that cannot be equalled. My shoes have style, comfort, longer wear. On busy city streets or on rough country roads, John White guaranteed footwear is giving time-tested service to millions of active feet. Seek out the shop that stocks my brands. It will pay you to take a little trouble. Ask for them by name.

P.W.309

John White FAMOUS

IMPREGNABLE

BRAND OF BOOTS & SHOES

WITH

John White ELKIDE SOLES

P.W.310

All models are obtainable with either "Elkide" treble-wear, or leather soles

See also these TEMERAIRE • INTREPID • RENOWN

THREE SEALS • COURAGEOUS • TRUSTY

John White BRANDS

LOOK OUT FOR THE SHOE SHOP THAT STOCKS "JOHN WHITE" BRANDS!

In case of difficulty please write to:
JOHN WHITE (Impregnable Boots) LTD., HIGHAM FERRERS, NORTHANTS.

THE LARGEST MAKERS OF MENS FOOTWEAR IN THE U.K.

You've earned your leisure...

PARK DRIVE

10 FOR 6D

for pleasure!

PLAIN OR CORK TIP (MILD) 7D

Duty Free TO MEMBERS OF THE B.E.F. and H.M. NAVY 200 for 4/- 130 for 3/- Post paid, order through YOUR TOBACCONIST

DO NOT CONCENTRATE ON WAR

Do not concentrate your thoughts upon war subjects. You will find it very worrying and very bad for the nerves.

Read, write, sketch, paint, study your vocation; anything that will occupy your mind and your time. Make use of your spare time by concentrating upon something useful.

During the last war many people learned how to write short stories, etc. To-day, a number of them are world-famous authors.

By becoming efficient in your vocation you can give the best service to your country and to yourself. The more you increase your earning power the better it is for the country and for yourself personally.

War or no war, earning power always brings its possessor to the front. It is no use waiting for better times. The ideal opportunity never arrives. We have to make the best of existing conditions. Therefore, delay is useless; it is worse, it is harmful.

I HAVE HELPED THOUSANDS OF OTHERS

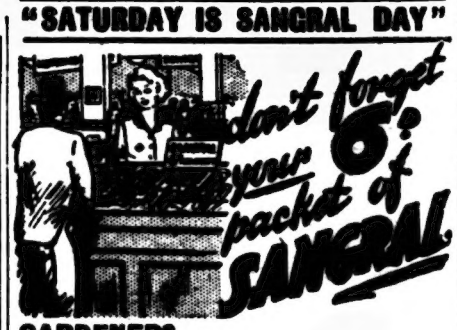
. . . and when I say thousands, I do not exaggerate, as I can produce well over 10,000 unsolicited testimonials from grateful students who, through our Postal Training, have achieved their life's ambition.

If it is your desire to make progress and establish yourself in a good career, write to us for free particulars on any subject which interests you, or if your career is undecided, write and tell us of your likes and dislikes, and we will give you practical advice as to the possibilities of a vocation and how to succeed in it. You will be under no obligation whatever.

Write To Me Personally

Dept. 31, THE BENNETT COLLEGE, SHEFFIELD

"SATURDAY IS SANGRAL DAY"



GARDENERS—

GIVE YOUR CROPS A WEEKLY FEED WITH SANGRAL—YOU'LL SEE THE DIFFERENCE!

TO get the best crops you must WAKE UP YOUR SOIL. The difference between good and poor crops generally rests with your soil. If it is lifeless it cannot produce the crops you need. You *must* release the life-giving *HUMUS* which lies dormant in all soils. Market Gardeners and Expert Horticulturalists do this by feeding *while they water* with SANGRAL—THE BALANCED LIQUID MANURE. Sangral is 90% soluble: Nitrification takes place in SIX HOURS, thus the life-giving humus is made available at once. You'll see the obvious difference in your plants in TEN DAYS! Don't be afraid of overfeeding, for Sangral is absolutely HARMLESS even to delicate plants (and to domestic animals). Being highly concentrated Sangral is both pleasant and economical in use. Sangral is the Balanced, all purpose soluble fertiliser. Ask for SANGRAL by name—there's nothing "just as good."

Feed while you water—and see results in 10 DAYS!

DOUBLE YOUR CROPS OF VEGETABLES, FRUIT, FLOWERS, etc. with—

Sangral

THE BALANCED SOLUBLE LIQUID MANURE

YOU CAN SEE THE RESULTS IN 10 DAYS

6d. PACKETS and 1/6, 3/- & 5/- Tins

From Multiples, Seedsmen, Ironmongers and Chemists

To relieve skin irritations

The instant Cuticura brand Ointment touches the skin all itching and irritation stop. Its unrivalled antiseptic action instantly kills infectious germs and prevents blood poisoning. For swift, clean healing of eruptions, rashes and skin injuries Cuticura is unbeatable.

Cuticura OINTMENT

MOORLAND INDIGESTION TABLETS

TAKE TWO TABLETS & EAT WHAT YOU LIKE

ALL CHEMISTS 7½ & 1'3

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, June 1, 1940.
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue
If England to itself do rest but true"

HOLD ON— AND WIN!

BRITAIN is strong.
Britain is ready.

The whole of the nation has been mobilised. Every man and woman is now a soldier. And all of us are in the front line.

Hitler is determined to strike at these shores. His defeat does not rest alone on the men fighting grimly for us in Flanders, on the youngsters of the R.A.F. who have saved the Allied armies from disaster, on the Navy that is our greatest protection against invasion.

It rests also on the people in the factories and offices, on the land and at home.

Long-Shot Gamble

Hitler took the long-shot gamble of striking at the Channel ports for three reasons:

To cut off the B.E.F and Belgian Army from the French main forces.

To prepare for an invasion of Britain.

And, not least in importance, to alarm us.

Terror Tactics

All his brutalities are terror tactics.

French hospital trains are bombed and machine-gunned. French refugees, even babies, are massacred.

Parachute troops with torches descend on the rich plains of Picardy to fire crops. Flame-throwers are used against villages that have no military importance.

The victims are French. But the terror is directed against us.

Beef-Witted Adolf

If Hitler succeeds in making us panic, we are lost. But his psychology is bad.

Shrewd in his plans of conquest, he is as beef-witted as most of his countrymen in assessing British temperament.

We shall not panic.

We fight best when in a tight corner.

And now we are fighting at home as well as in Flanders fields

Got 'em at Last

Last week's round-up of Fascists and other enemies in our camp elated, not depressed, the public.

Most of us had been depressed. We knew that a minority of our own people could not be trusted. We knew that the Government of the day could not be trusted to clap them in jail.

The new Government lifted our depression. It put us all in the front line. It cleared out many of the extremists who, not being with us in our struggle, are against us.

Behind Barbed Wire

But more must be done

Not only extremists of the Right must be put behind iron bars; not merely the Nazis disguised as refugees must be put behind barbed wire.

Don't be Foolish

All enemy aliens must be interned.

Harsh? Too drastic? A policy of fear?

To protect yourself does not show fear. Failure to protect yourself when your life is in peril is the policy of a fool.

Refugees Agree, Too

Internment would cause some hardship to genuine refugees.

But not so great as the hardships we must impose on ourselves to win our fight for existence.

And genuine refugees themselves, from Austria and Germany, have written to JOHN BULL in support of this Safety First measure.

Anything You Like

Let the Government be sure that, whatever it asks of us, will be done.

We will work harder, longer, perhaps even for less wages. We will go where the work needs to be done.

More guns? More aircraft? More shells?

We will supply them.

Willing Sacrifice

There is something else we must give—money!

Even though times are hard, most of us are saving a few shillings a week to lend to the Government. We can save more.

Sixty million people in our Colonies have given £6,000,000 to the Government. Two shillings a head.

Most of those people are poor.

Two shillings to them means sacrificing some of life's necessities. They have made the sacrifice voluntarily, willingly.

We have much more to lose. Don't let them put us to shame.

No Waste Metal

Northern Ireland gives us another example. Every farm there is being visited for scraps of metal that can be made into weapons to save the lives of our sons.

All of us have waste metal, paper and other materials in our cellars and lofts and cupboards.

Don't wait for fresh appeals from officialdom.

Turn it out now.

Avoid Despondency

Most important of all, let us keep calm.

The tide of battle will ebb and flow. We must avoid being downcast by reverse or overjoyed by success.

The might of the British and French Empires will not be beaten.

BRIGHT SPOTS

● **Now known that Hitler told Mussolini at the Brenner Pass meeting: "I could not impose on my people a second winter of war."**

● Canadian air plan is far ahead of schedule. TENS OF THOUSANDS of pilots will be passed out annually. Australian plan, too, is two months in advance of schedule.

● *Senator Pepper is again urging the sale of United States fleet and army air forces to the Allies. They won't be sold, but there's real chance they may be lent.*

● **Nazi aircraft losses since start of Western Front campaign now total more than 2,000.**

● **Unable to build U-boats quickly enough to make good his losses, Admiral Raeder wants to buy fifty of Italy's 150 submarines. Negotiations are not going well.**

● Biggest revolution in British history—complete mobilisation of our resources—is said by economists to have halved the war.

But its might depends upon our work, our money, our minds.

Exhausted Resources

Our resources remain unimpaired. Those of the Nazis are being exhausted.

Throttled by our blockade, smashed by Air Force bombs, Hitler may soon be desperately short of essentials. When they fail, he will be brought to the ground, whether his half-starved people rebel or not.

His fastest trains have reduced their speed from 35 to 18 miles an hour. They have no lubricating oil.

Czech factories are being dismantled even though work is waiting for them. Their machinery must be turned into shells. Germany is so short of raw materials!

An End to Muddle

Raw materials here have been withheld from our factories. But not because of shortage.

They have been withheld because of muddle—and worse. Our new Government has ended that. Hitler cannot remedy his deficiencies.

His political strategy has failed.

Mussolini still holds back.

Passive Belligerency

Italy's anti-Allied demonstrations may grow more bitter. She provides plenty of indications that she may soon enter the war.

Too many indications. A dictatorship that is determined to wage war does not proclaim her intentions week in and week out.

The real indications are that Mussolini will continue his "passive belligerency."

Ciano's Secrets

Every day his Foreign Minister, Count Ciano, goes to a special office in the Chigi Palace.

No affairs of State are managed in that room. The Count uses it only to make intimate records of his diplomatic activities.

Its iron safe holds four books that will one day be reckoned the most important diaries in history. The two pages reserved for each day have been increased to four.

Almost certainly, last week's entries recorded the Duce's decision not to take part in a war that his industry could not survive for more than six weeks.

Hasn't a Chance

Almost certainly, Hitler must sink or swim alone. Furious fighting by British and French troops during the last week has at last shown him the strength of the force that will eventually force his head beneath the waves of disaster.

The unknown strength, no less resolute than the lads who are giving their lives for us, is the British Home Front that is now organised and equipped.

We can make sure that Hitler will try in vain to shatter it.

(Continued overleaf)

"WHEN THE ORDEAL COMES, AS COME IT WILL . . ."—The Prime Minister

£200 AIR RAID INSURANCE

Underwritten at LLOYD'S

FREE FOR EVERY READER

Registration forms can be cut from past issues or obtained on application to "John Bull's" Insurance Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

● Greatest "Revolution" Takes Only 163 Minutes
● Secrets of How Fifth Columnists are Working
● Careless Talkers are Still the Greatest Menace
● Man-Power Drive Shocks Unpatriotic Employers
● Naval Men at Scapa Flow Not on "Active Service"

(Continued from preceding page)

Greatest revolution in our history, fought and won by the quiet, deliberate voice of Mr. Attlee, lasted only 163 minutes.

In that time the Bill to mobilise Britain's resources had passed through Parliament. Not a record. The Abdication Bill of 1936 took eighteen minutes less, and an emergency Scottish Bill went through all its stages in a mere twenty minutes.

Yet the whole social structure of Britain had been changed in 163 minutes.

Make no mistake of that.

Never Same Again

Implications of the new mobilisation have just dawned on loungers in West End clubs. The City recognised them at once.

Hence the consternation, hence the mutterings against Churchill and the Labour leaders.

Safe to say that, even when peace is restored, banks and the mines and railways will remain nationalised.

We told you, when war started, that "things would never be the same again." Mr. Attlee has proved it.

War on Wreckers

Second big new law of last week—the Treachery Act—will allow much more vigorous action against Fifth Column agents and enable death sentence to be passed on them.

We tell you of Britain's Fifth Column on another page. Here we will merely say that they are acting according to the strict plan laid down by the Nazis.

That plan is supervised by Hitler himself.

It is divided into four sections: Espionage, Military, Sabotage, and Rumour.

How Agents Work

Usually, each agent restricts his activity to only one section. Usually, too, the agent is one of a group. Instructions are sent from headquarters to each group.

Nazi spies are active not only in foreign military centres, but also in industrial centres. Many of them are engaged solely on spying on distinguished people, compiling dossiers on their private life, their children and friends.

They Know All!

That's why Nazi newspapers have details about foreign celebrities that are hardly known to the authorities in the countries concerned.

Military espionage takes only a small part in Fifth Column activity. Industrial spying is considered far more important, administrative spying still more important.

Any Civil Servant who considers himself slighted by his chiefs is of particular interest.

School for Saboteurs

Military section depends on work started by S.A. and S.S. leaders who visited foreign countries in peace time and think they made local "friends" who will assist their "return" as invaders.

They also prepared the way for saboteurs who were taught at the "school for diplomats" opened in Berlin three years ago.

There they were instructed by Baron Killinger to find telephone wires and railheads in foreign countries and to destroy them.

Forged Papers

They are equipped by a department organised by Admiral Canaris, saboteur leader of the last war, with forged identity papers, passports and foreign uniforms.

Careless Talkers

Fourth department is communication and rumour centre, supporting the other three sections.

Staffed by expert radio operators, it keeps Berlin informed of all developments, tries to get recruits in telephone exchanges, makes friends with journalists to spread its lying reports.

But its principal support are ordinary, "careless-talk" citizens, particularly those who are always "agin the Government."

It is against these men that the rest of the public must be on guard.

They Haven't a Chance

Some people seem surprised that "parashooters" are not being recruited for the London area. No reason for surprise.

There are ample military forces stationed in and around the capital. Metropolitan Police Force of 20,000 regulars has been strengthened by 13,899 war reservists, 4,176 "specials," and 2,226 pensioners.

So parachutists landing in Hyde Park wouldn't be there long.

Man-Power Drive

Principal use of the new man-power mobilisation will be to rush workers to factories or areas where labour is scarce.

West Wales, one of Britain's best farm areas, is in need of agricultural workers. Local farmers have ploughed far more than the official quota; thousands of harvest workers will be wanted.

Mr. Bevin will supply them.

At a pinch, evacuated families from London may be given safe and healthy work there.

Difficult Employers

Employers will no longer be able to stop men from volunteering for National Service.

Ex-officer teacher at Hove, who has joined the "parashooters," now finds that his superiors may object. Newcastle trolley-driver, who wants to join, has been refused permission by the Corporation.

Government now has the power to override recalcitrant employers—and will use it!

Military "Lawyers"

It will be possible to weed-out men from State Departments.

There are too many young lawyers holding Army and Air Force commissions in the Judge Advocate General's Department. Only military thing about most of them is their age.

Their jobs should be given to lawyers who did some real fighting in the last war.

It's Fantastic

A vicar tells JOHN BULL that the most careless gossip he hears comes from soldiers on leave. One even told him that parachutists had landed at a near-by aerodrome.

An A.R.P. warden told him that Grimsby and Louth had been heavily bombed. And so on.

Most of us, probably, are treated to the same dangerous nonsense.

Most of us fail in our duty by being polite to the rumour-mongers.

Grim Handbook

Grim yet necessary handbook just issued by the Government, "Food and its Protection against Poison Gas," gives advice that every housewife should heed.

Main point is that as much food as possible should be stored in tins with well-fitting lids or bottles with screw caps.

Perishable foods will be safe in a refrigerator, bread must be kept in a tin with a good lid.

If you have the slightest suspicion that your food has been affected by gas, tell the police or wardens.

Local authorities carry out tests free.

Ironical Anomalies

Naval lads at Scapa Flow are denied postal concessions because they are not on "active service," despite frequent visits from Nazi raiders. So we reported last week.

Admiralty courteously points out to us that regulations cannot be waived. Only ships actually at sea are regarded as being on active service.

Yes, we know.

Yet the best of regulations can lead to ironical anomalies.

From the Scrap-Heap

Mr. Dai Grenfell, new Mines Secretary, has shown most unofficial haste in taking JOHN BULL'S hints for greater coal production.

Not only will miners over eighteen be exempt from military service.

Not only will derelict pits be reopened.

But also old miners, left on the scrap-heap for years, are to be brought back to work.

Top Speed in Whitehall

No secret that this plan, and the even greater schemes, developed by Mr. Bevin, have been put into operation at a speed that has left Civil Servants breathless.

They have, in fact, created a new speed record not only for Whitehall but also for industry generally.

Only fair to say that the Civil Service, though almost swept off its feet, has given the new Ministers wholehearted support.

Burning Papers

Evidently General Franco is pleased by Lord Halifax's assurance that Britain is eager to continue its 150-year-old friendship with Spain.

It's up to him, now, to show us an equal politeness.

He might start by diluting the anti-British vitriol burning the pages of his controlled Press.

Change of Policy

Almost ignored by our own newspapers, Ministry of Labour has made a concession long demanded in these columns.

In future a man belonging to a reserved occupation who has been unemployed for two months may join any National Defence service.

Yes, it's taken a change of Government to make that common-sense decision!

Never Get Back

Lastly, let the ironical conundrum now popular with the Czechs give us all a mild tonic.

Which aeroplanes need more petrol—British or German?

The British, for they need it both for outgoing and return flights, while the Nazis don't make the return trip.

THIS IS THE TESTING TIME FOR YOU. IT MEANS THAT WE ARE

"All In" and "All Out"

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR
By the Editor

ONE hundred per cent. mobilisation! Thank God it has come at last! Nothing less than that would have satisfied the country in this time of grave emergency and immense opportunity.

From now until the day of victory our lives and our labour, our lands, property and money, are held at the disposal of the Government.

Again and again JOHN BULL has declared that the men and women of this country were ready and eager to meet the utmost demands upon them in the spirit of equal sacrifice.

But for nine months the call to sacrifice was not equal. Men were conscripted to the fighting services, but not to the armies of industry and the land.

Wealth retained many of its old privileges, and the greed of vested interests clogged the machinery of war.

Small wonder that many loyal people began to lose heart. Small wonder, too, that the outside world marvelled and asked: "Can Great Britain be taking this war in earnest?"

*

We are taking it in deadly earnest now. Let us waste no time in vain regrets for opportunities lost and advantages frittered away.

For the enemy is almost at our gates, and the Allied Armies are fighting day and night in a battle such as the world has never known before.

Here in our own country every fit adult must think of himself, or of herself, as a soldier, too. We are all "in" at last, and the order of the day is "all out for victory."

*

There has not yet been time fully to implement the new Defence Act. The vast powers conferred by Parliament upon our leaders cannot be exercised all at once. Some of them may never need to be exercised at all.

But we have, in fact, accepted "dictatorship for the duration." The great difference between our new system of Government and the monstrous régime of the Third Reich is that ours is a benevolent dictatorship.

We have not had ancient liberties and rights taken away from us by force or treachery, but we are giving many of them up, cheerfully and of our own free will, to ensure the triumph of our cause—which will restore them all.

The Government, in the words of Mr. Attlee, has been given "complete control over persons and property—not just some persons or some particular class, but over all persons, rich or poor, employer or worker, man or woman, and over all property."

IT is significant that this terrific change-over has taken place under a Conservative Prime Minister wielding a big Conservative majority. But it could never have taken place at all without Labour's loyal co-operation and without Labour leaders in the Cabinet.

"No victory won by the Germans," said an American newspaper, "has ever been greater than this demonstration of the spirit of a great democracy in time of peril."

"John Bull" appreciates that tribute from the United States, and yet wishes to point out that ours is not the *only* "great democracy" which is now in peril, nor ours the *only* victory of the spirit which might be gained.

*

We shall win this war. Never doubt that for a moment. Never lose heart, and do not forget that "news is never either so good or so bad as it sounds when you first hear it."

Haig said that when the Germans broke through in 1918. His words need to be remembered now, when the whole strategy of war seems to have changed and the ebb and flow of battle cannot be instantly assessed.

Beware of rumour. It is apt to run riot in times like the present. Much of it is spread by loose-mouthed gossips and panicky "old women." But some of it, more deadly and more purposeful, is undoubtedly started by the friends of Hitler in our midst.

Don't imagine that there are no traitor Quislings out of Norway. Don't delude yourselves that there is no "Fifth Column" here in England.

We warn you with the utmost seriousness that alarmist rumours and defeatist propaganda are German weapons of war.

The danger of this treacherous attack upon men's minds is at least as great as the danger of invasion by parachute troops.

Hundreds of thousands of our veterans and our youths have joined the Defence Volunteers to fight the parachutists if ever they should attempt to land here.

We implore every reader to fight the rumour-mongers and the defeatists *now*; to challenge their wicked stories; to give them no quarter; and to expose them as the public enemies they are.

*

JOHN BULL also warns every one of you that, in spite of the grand change-over to total mobilisation, there is another danger against which you must be on your guard.

Ordinary men and women, who have been wondering uneasily whether they are doing enough to help the country, may be tempted now to "sit back and wait for orders."

But there must be no sitting back and no waiting. We repeat that it will take time for the Government to use its new powers.

MEANWHILE millions of men and women will be left to carry on their ordinary work.

Later they may be called upon to do this or that; they may be transferred from one area to another; they may even be put into new jobs at prevailing rates of pay.

Until then they are—technically—free to live unchanged lives; to use or to waste their "spare time"—in short, to shirk or to serve.

Let's face it; tens of thousands of us have been shirking, not deliberately, perhaps; not always knowingly, but still in some degree "dodging the column."

Any week-end along any road from the cities to the coast you can see the "flannelled fools" and the girls in summer frocks trekking gaily to the seaside as though there were no such thing as totalitarian war.

JOHN BULL knows, and you must know, too, if you stop to think about it, that half of these "pleasure" motorists must be "scrounging" petrol to which they are not entitled.

Rationed petrol is not intended for "joy riding," and we know, too, in our heart of hearts, that we must make up our minds to "ration" our pleasures as well as our leisure.

JOHN BULL was never a kill-joy, and it has not become one now even in the gravest emergency that has ever threatened our national existence.

"We are going to work our fingers to the bone," declares Mr. Herbert Morrison, the dynamic new Supply Minister

But we do implore our readers to face the facts. We do suggest in all seriousness that even our spare time belongs to the country.

We have been told, for instance, to "dig for victory," but how many of us are doing it?

Actually, every able-bodied man having the opportunity to cultivate his own garden or to work an allotment, and failing to do so, is a shirker.

BUT, if you can't dig, you can at least "dig in" with your friends and neighbours in one or other of the great voluntary services which are still lamentably understaffed.

Don't wait for the Government to compel your co-operation; don't shelter behind the fact that it is now empowered to do so.

Get busy. Take your coats off. Stop wasting money and wasting time. Join up in any organisation that needs the kind of help you can give. Put your heart into the new work and get your fun out of it.

This is total war at last. It demands day and night production in every essential industry and "full time" service from every civilian as well as every fighting man.

Wherefore, let us face to-day and to-morrow as courageously as our soldiers, sailors and airmen are facing the incessant toil and peril of active service.

And let our own service be no less active and no less devoted.

THE HUMAN MACHINE

Nature can Help You to "Take it"

WHEN life has been turned upside down, it may seem a little odd to talk about normality. It may even seem a waste of time to discuss the humdrum.

Yet it isn't really odd. It isn't really a waste of time. It's about the most useful thing we can do.

Abnormality in any shape or form can never be anything but temporary or exceptional. The normal is Nature's ideal. She is always prepared to put a premium on it.

"If the great majority of persons did not have a tendency to be normal," wrote someone, "normal in mind as well as in body, the human race would long ago have been a collective nervous wreck.

"To be healthy and content and go about your business and enjoy life and have no 'innards' to speak of, and no complexes, and leave nerves to the nervous—that is, and should be, the common lot."

Now that's a fair description of normal life, but there are plenty of people who don't understand it. It doesn't imply being either insensitive or indifferent.

It doesn't mean that to be normal implies not knowing what fear and worry and grief and indignation mean. It doesn't mean that a normal and balanced person can't be aroused.

It does mean that if you're normal any of these things can happen to you without you either exploding or collapsing.

It's more important to understand what being normal means now than it ever was before.

To be normal implies being balanced, and never was balance more necessary than it is to-day. Only those who really are balanced can "take it" without serious consequences to their mental and moral well-being.

Whatever happens, let us strive at all costs to be normal.

It is the only way to build a foundation for the future.

When Tanks Sweep Into Battle

In a box of charging steel for hours on end, the mechanic in the tank will shoot six shells and 500 rounds for each machine-gun every minute

Picture yourself as a JOHN BULL man, crouching beside the commander under the signalling turret of a sixteen-ton tank as it lumbers into action with a B.E.F. squadron.

For in the twenty-four years since British inventors first produced tanks they have become the essential striking force of the modern Army.

*

IT is zero hour for our "death or glory ride" . . . the B.E.F. tank squadron is thundering into the sweat and din of action . . . we are out to prove the value of the mechanical high spot of the Army!

This sixteen-ton tank is a medium cruiser type of land warship, midway between the five-ton "lights" and the thirty-seven ton "heavies." Soon there will be seventy-five tonners.

To lie in it for only a few minutes when the battle rages gives you an idea what the highest-paid men in the British Army go through every time you read that matter-of-fact announcement . . . "British tanks were in action. . . ."

It is a "flag tank."

The "C.O." is commanding not only his own but also other tanks of the squadron.

Individual commanders are usually commissioned officers or senior N.C.O's, and as the words "flag" and "squadron" indicate, the unit operates in mass formation in the manner of a battle fleet.

We are close to the turret through which the commander signals.

He passes on his instructions either by flag signals or radio, using wireless telephony to speak to his crew, and coded wireless telegraphy to communicate with the other tanks.

Every man in the tank can interchange duties.

In front of us in the turret are a gunner and spare gunner, ready with a three-pounder to pummel enemy infantry with half-a-dozen shells a minute.

Beside them the spare driver is waiting to loose 500 rounds a minute from one of three heavy Vickers machine-guns. The other two, operated by a fifth man, are situated below the turret and cover the tank's "backwash."

The driver brings the medium-cruiser's crew to six.

He sits in an armoured cubby-hole, below the turret, with a visor protecting his face.

Men and machinery are packed tight.

JUST enough room is allowed for each member of the crew to do his job or squeeze into a comrade's place if need arises.

When zero hour comes a 150-h.p. engine drives the sixteen tons of metal over fair ground at thirty miles an hour.

At a slower pace it takes in its stride a 9-ft. shell-hole in the road, a 3 ft. 6 in. high barricade, a hill rising at the precipitous angle of fifty degrees.

The driver changes direction or avoids impassable obstacles by pulling a lever with his left hand to turn left and another with his right to turn right. These levers act as a steering wheel by regulating the pace of the caterpillar-track as it moves over the driving mechanism on the tank's port or starboard sides.

With the 150-h.p. engine going full out and all but the sighting apertures closed, the box of steel becomes an inferno.

On a normal day at this time of year, the temperature is well over 100 deg., on a really hot day anything up to 130 deg.

The crew throw off their silver-badged black berets, and could well do without their black overalls.

The earphones, through which they hear their commander's orders, don't add to their comfort, but without them it would be impossible to hear a shout, let alone ordinary speech.

Hell is let loose when the three-pounder pummels enemy infantry at six rounds a minute and the three machine-guns spit forth their devastating fire-power at 1,500 bullets a minute.

Only supermen of iron nerve and constitution can stand up to it, and the supreme test comes when they find themselves the target of enemy anti-tank gun fire, shell and bomb bursts, and ground-mine traps.

The medium-cruiser, both a scout and a hard-hitter, is the centre-piece among tanks.

It will have been passed on the road into action in the mechanised war of movement by its smaller brother, the light or "whippet," streaking along over good ground at 50 m.p.h.

THIS is essentially a "cavalryman on wheels" out to reconnoitre hostile positions and report back to G.H.Q. or to co-operating air forces without getting itself involved in fighting.

Its defensive armament is a heavy and a light machine-gun.

While the whippet sweeps on ahead of the medium-cruiser, the big brother of the tank family, the heavy-cruiser, crunches along behind at 20 m.p.h.

It is a 37-ton monster with a 300 h.p. engine; a battleship on wheels, the big-hitter of a mechanical division. Thirty-five feet long, it can span a 13-ft. shell-hole with ease.

Its crew numbers eight, and they fire 200 shells from two six-pounder guns and 13,000 bullets from seven machine-guns before exhausting their supply.

The heavier tanks also carry smoke-candles, for protective screens, and rifle-grenades.

Every tank man is a mechanic, and every tank has its own portable workshop for temporary repairs.

The man's training, most of it done at the depot of the Corps in the West Country, normally occupies at least nine months.

HE is the mechanical high-spot of the mechanised army, the fighting mechanic, typical warrior of the machine age. He has been trained to think quickly, to go on with his job in the heat and noise, and to obey implicitly the radio commands of his leader even though half-cooked and dizzy with the spent gasses of guns and engines.

The whole weight of the attack may hang on the speed with which the men in one of these lumbering land-battleships answer the helm that is held by remote control.

Tanks have travelled a long way since that day in the last war when Britain's secret weapon not only set the enemy back on his heels but also surprised the Allied commanders.

Meantime, military leaders all over the world have been theorising on the best way to use these "caterpillar buses," yet in developing the intimate co-operation of tank and aircraft the Nazis have merely copied tactics introduced by British tanks in the final stages of the last war.

The second great tank battle of Cambrai has proved that the land battleships will leave a lasting impression on military history.

MEET NAZI GENERALS

Field-Marshal Goering told the world that Hitler was personally responsible for the "blitzkrieg" plan that shot Nazi mechanised forces across France. These are the men of the High Command who put his plans into operation

TO raise a laugh among German army officers eight years ago you had merely to mention the bald-headed, monocled Junker, who had made himself silly by associating with that fellow Hitler, a political upstart from Munich.

When it was known that this veteran soldier had actually joined the National Socialist Party, raised his hand in the Nazi salute and sworn allegiance to the fanatic in the faded raincoat, he was christened the "Nazi General." As far as the Reichswehr was concerned, Walter von Reichenau was given to understand that his career as a soldier was at an end.

● **While the Reichswehr leaders stood aloof from the Nazi Party the despised von Reichenau helped the newly elected Chancellor Hitler to plan his campaign against Europe.**

Only the combined opposition of the Reichswehr leaders prevented Hitler from making his bald-headed military friend Commander-in-Chief of the Germany army in 1933.

Instead he entrusted to him the garrisons of Leipzig and Munich, knowing full well that this soldier would lead his armies when he declared war on the rest of the world.

While the German High Command dismissed Hitler's idea of a mechanised "blitzkrieg" as impracticable, von Reichenau went ahead with his plans for the motorised thrust that has enabled the Nazi army to strike across the Low Countries.

Reichenau is the ideal Nazi soldier.

A gangster by nature, he is completely ruthless, a daring opportunist, and so ambitious that even his best friends can't trust him. Even though he is sixty—he was only a subaltern in the last war—he had Walter Neusel, the boxer, withdrawn from his unit on the Western Front three months ago to become his physical training instructor.

● A specialist in tank warfare, Major-General Von Schell is the organiser who created the army of steel with which Walter von Reichenau fenced so dramatically in the great battles of the last few days.

He was responsible for the organisation that enabled the advance striking force of Nazi tanks to be supplied with fuel and food and ammunition and to be reinforced while it was pushing through France.

To do it he was made Under-Secretary of State in the Nazi Ministry of Transport. Yet he retained all his military duties. He confiscated all German motor vehicles that could be transformed into supply "craft" for tank divisions.

● For the success of his tank division in Poland, General Guderian, Commander of the Nazi "Schnelle Truppen" (fast troops) received the Knight's Cross of the Iron Cross. He is now "inspecteur" of the tank divisions on the Western Front.

● General Milch is the only Nazi chief with Jewish blood. Goering considered him so essential to the Nazi air force that he arranged for an Aryan father to be substituted for the original Papa Milch.

And as his Under-Secretary of State, General Milch planned for Goering the air force campaigns with which the Nazis hope to harass the Allies. For relaxation, Milch favours a flight over "dangerous territory" in a bomber.

● Among the many Nazi air chiefs who have climbed to power in the last few months, most prominent is Udet, flying ace of the last war, on whom Goering depends for air strategy and liaison with fighting units.

These fighting units are led by three ardent Nazis. Flight-General Loehr, young, ruthless, daring, but not particularly clever. In charge of Austria's tiny air force, he was Hitler's Quisling in the Austrian Army.

Flight-General Kesselring is a Bavarian, a close friend of Goering and an air strategist who is not so impulsive as most of his colleagues.

And Flight-General Jeschonek, an insignificant fellow of forty, who claims to have a great hold on his flying braves.

● When Hitler showed off his military might to foreign military attaches in 1939, Count Spondek took the salute as leader of the "air-borne" troops. Berlin crowds roared with delight when they saw the "avantguarde" of parachutists marching with their parachutes draped over their shoulders. Nobody took them seriously.

Since then Spondek and Lieutenant-General Student, the parachute expert, have trained the young Nazis (they are often only sixteen years old), who fell for the idea of a "death or glory" drop carrying a sub-machine gun.

OPEN LETTERS

SIR JOHN ANDERSON,
Home Secretary

DEAR SIR,—Everyone is glad that gas-masks are to be issued to refugees, but people in at least one Middlesex district are envious.

For months they have been trying in vain to get masks for themselves and their children.

At the other side of the county Anderson shelters have been rusting for months in gardens. They can't be assembled because bolts have not yet been supplied.

Middlesex is most definitely not a safe area, and it's so near to Whitehall that you have no excuse for forgetting it.—JOHN BULL.

M. PAUL REYNAUD,
Five Feet of Courage

DEAR M. REYNAUD,—The darkest day of war was lit by your unshakable confidence. "Hold out for a month and we'll be three-quarters of the way to victory," you declared.

We shall hold out.

We shall do more—our armies will batter their way to victory more surely than in the autumn of 1918.

Already we owe much to the superb skill of General Weygand, and the majority of Britons and Frenchmen are profoundly glad that our two countries changed their Governments. Just in time!—JOHN BULL.

The STEEL CONTROLLER,
Ministry of Supply

DEAR SIR,—Iron railings in Hyde Park are being pulled down to help you find more material for munitions. Yet new railings are being put up along the Kingston by-pass, controlled by the Ministry of Transport.

Not very funny, is it?—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. MALCOLM MACDONALD, M.P.,
Minister of Health

DEAR SIR,—You'll be the best "new broom" the Ministry of Health has ever had if you make a clean sweep of officials in charge of pension claims.

They do occasionally show signs of life. They have just "allowed" an old-age pension for a man who applied in June last year. Other claims, made almost as long ago, remain unanswered.

Women who applied for widows' pensions last year are still waiting hopelessly, forced to seek poor-law relief to keep themselves from starving.

Clear out the deadheads, please.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. RALPH ASSHETON, M.P.,
Ministry of Labour

DEAR SIR,—Has it escaped your notice that, even though the Whitsun holiday was officially cancelled, part-time workers were stopped two days' dole?

As I can't believe you sanctioned this anomalous meanness, I look to you to remedy it.—JOHN BULL.

The MAYOR,
Barrow-in-Furness

YOUR WORSHIP,—This pitiful tale of hardship demands your sympathy and immediate help.

A crippled woman keeps house for her brother, a nervous wreck, and his children. The house has been condemned; your housing committee has given them a fortnight's notice.

The woman has tramped the streets, looking for another house, until her feet have nearly bled. She and her brother are beside themselves with worry.

As they have a clear rent book, why have they not been offered a council house?—JOHN BULL.

Miss ELLEN WILKINSON, M.P.,
Ministry of Pensions

DEAR MISS WILKINSON,—Now that you are in the Government, your passion for fairplay should secure the end of many injustices. Here's one for you to put right.

An injured auxiliary fireman received compensation for thirteen weeks. Then a hospital doctor passed him as still unfit for service, but the Ministry of Pensions disagreed. His compensation ceased and he was told to apply for public relief.

Even the workhouse doctor has declared him unfit, yet your Ministry won't give way.

Meantime, the victim is penniless.—JOHN BULL.

The COUNTY COUNCIL,
East Sussex

GENTLEMEN, — Incredible that you refuse to provide shelter or trench protection for the hundreds of children at the county school for girls!

Yet it is situated near the coast and has large modern windows.

I presume you will not disdain to seek shelter yourselves should the need arise.—JOHN BULL

Lady READING,
Women's Voluntary Services

DEAR LADY READING,—Here's praise for the very efficient way your organisation has helped refugees from Holland and Belgium.

Women have met them at the ports, ran canteens to give them food, staffed the large receiving stations in London and provided large numbers of interpreters, cleaned out empty houses in districts where these were taken to accommodate these victims of Hitler's ruthlessness.

They made 1,500 black-out curtains over one week-end in Chelsea.

That's the right spirit. And it says much for the efficiency of the whole organisation that they were ready to do all this at short notice.—JOHN BULL.

Air Vice-Marshal GOSSAGE,
Air Member for Personnel

DEAR SIR,—As you need men so urgently you might see that they are put to the best use when you get them.

Latest misfit brought to my notice is a man who was machine-shop foreman to a firm making instruments for the Air Ministry and War Office.

Called up from the Reserve, he spent some time scrubbing floors, is now doing a boy's work in the R.A.F.

His firm's application for his release has been refused, even though his former assistants have been sent back to civil work.

If you insist on keeping him, why not give him a job commensurate with his ability?—JOHN BULL.

General Sir EDMUND IRONSIDE,
G.O.C., Home Forces

DEAR GENERAL,—Never have we shown our determination more clearly than in the formation of the Local Defence Volunteers. Never has an army been so quickly recruited.

You must insist that arms and equipment be supplied with the same rapidity. The need is pressing.

I know something of your other plans to resist invasion. They are admirable. But much remains to be done.

The new volunteer force must be purged of undesirables, accepted in the haste of recruitment. There are reports that Fascists and Communist extremists have been enlisted.

Nothing seems to have been done to check recruits' credentials.

There are other initial difficulties in organisation to smooth out, and I depend on you to see that they are ended without delay.

I hope you will instruct your new force to shoot all parachutists at sight. We cannot afford to be merciful if Britain's existence is threatened.—JOHN BULL.

Messrs. DUVERDREY and BLOQUEL,
French Manufacturing Company

GENTLEMEN,—Your generosity stresses the comradeship binding two great nations.

A British firm offered you royalties on one of your products. "Send half the money to help English wounded," you answered, "and the rest to the French President for the benefit of any organisation he selects."

I salute you as allies in our common cause.—JOHN BULL.

Dr. GOEBBELS,
History's Worst Liar

SIR,—Never before have I known you to eat your own words.

First you tell us that General Giraud and his staff have been captured. Then you say that he had escaped in a tank. Finally, you have to admit that he never had been taken. All this in a single day.

Losing your audacious nerve at last?—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Sir ARCHIBALD SINCLAIR,
Secretary of State for Air

DEAR SIR,—Last week's Air Ministry orders contained instructions, covering three sheets of paper, to prevent unauthorised laying of linoleum in R.A.F. stations.

Tell the time-wasting fool responsible that there's a war on, and see that he is kept too busy to finick about trifles.—JOHN BULL.

Messrs. T. J. COX and Co.,
Butchers, Leyton

SIRS,—Every shopkeeper and every housewife should note the £10 fine imposed on you for charging a woman fourpence too much.

The magistrates thanked her for her evidence, even though I doubt if you will.

It needs only a few more women with her public spirit to end the scandal of overcharging.—JOHN BULL.

Archbishop of CANTERBURY,
Lambeth Palace

YOUR GRACE,—Thank you for rebuking noisy old maids (of both sexes) who sneer at the morals of our troops.

You refuse to mention, still less to discuss, such matters when "brave men are fighting a life and death struggle and many of them are sacrificing their lives for us and the country."

Purge the L.D.V. Army of Undesirables

★

Still Without Their Gas Masks

★

Dr. Goebbels Losing His Nerve

★

"Puritans" Who Must be Silenced

★

No A.R.P. Shelter for These Girls

Indeed, nothing can be more sickening than the wild allegations, unsupported by evidence, of a few puritanical Jeremiahs.

The Church does well to refuse them support; the public should treat them not with anger, but with silent contempt.—JOHN BULL.

Miss KATHLEEN DOYLE,
Cardiff 'Phone Girl

DEAR MISS DOYLE,—It's preposterous that telephone girls should be expected to remain at the switchboard when the air raid alarm is given and men are rushing to the basement!

Your protest should receive the Government's immediate attention. There is no time to be lost.

There may not be time, indeed, to build underground switchboards. But I am convinced that some protection can be hastily devised. And it must be!—JOHN BULL.

The PRISON COMMISSIONERS,
Whitehall

GENTLEMEN,—A London petty offender who cannot pay his fine is lodged for the night in a metropolitan prison. Next morning a big car arrives, with police sergeant, constable and chauffeur, to take him off to Maidstone or Chelmsford.

A nice outing for him. But sometimes prisons are full, and he's brought back again. So he gets a second excursion, more petrol is wasted, police taken from more important duties.

Surely a more economical system could be devised in these costly times?

Surely, too, prison grounds could be made to provide much of the food required by the prisoners?—JOHN BULL.

CHIEF CONSTABLE,
Essex

DEAR CHIEF,—Appeals by local wardens, visits by your hard-worked and courteous police, seem to have little effect on some Canvey Island residents who persistently ignore black-out regulations.

I have no doubt that you will now order more drastic action against the offenders.

And I hope the magistrates will not be squeamish in their fines.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. ALBERT C. WILLIAMS,
Milford Haven

SIR,—Ignorance of the law is never a good defence, and your brand of ignorance is dangerous to the defence of all Britain.

Caught photographing a seaplane, you blandly asserted that you did not know the regulations, and protested that you were not a spy.

You are too artless to be a spy.

But at thirty you should be old enough to realise the danger of behaving like a spy in war time.—JOHN BULL.

"JOHN BULL" MAN CAPTURES A NAZI PARACHUTIST

"John Bull's" war correspondent, after six days in the nightmare carnage of the fighting in Belgium, describes his most exciting adventure—and his most inspiring

MY most exciting adventure this week was capturing a Nazi parachutist.

As my car was coming over the headland towards the sea I saw the dummy-like figure dangling miserably from a hovering dome of cloth. The figure struggled helplessly as the wind drove him mercilessly on to the rising ground at break-neck speed. He hit the field with such a sickening smack that he didn't even seem to have the strength left to wrestle with the cords that were dragging him across the broken ground.

He was stunned and bleeding from several cuts when I reached him, revolver in hand. A mere youth, he offered no resistance. I pushed my gun under his nose and pointed to the car that I had left on the road.

He staggered to his feet, groaned a little, released the dragging folds of the parachute and staggered ahead of me.

I bundled him into the car and turned him over to a bunch of Tommies on patrol only a few hundred yards away.

They told me later that papers in his pocket proved without doubt that he had been assigned to espionage work.

I didn't see him again.

* * *

THAT was my most exciting moment; my most inspiring moment came suddenly towards the end of my six nightmare days in Belgium.

For six days I was haunted by those terrible scenes of abject human misery that can be etched on the mind only by the flying steel of projectiles.

Yet amid all that suffering I was inspired by the words of a rough, sunburned young man in battle-dress; his khaki was torn and dirty, his tin-hat askew and his grin as infectious as measles.

"The fellows are fighting mad," he said. "If we could only get at these perishin' Nazis, we'd show 'em."

And as he told me how infuriated his comrades were because they had been told to abandon parts of the country where they had been entertained during the last few months by kindly French peasants, I knew that these lads were of the same stuff as their fathers who fought over this ground twenty odd years ago.

They don't get excited about their determination to see that Germans never again have a chance to overrun France. They pass on the information as though you, too, must take it for granted.

It is that quiet determination in the middle of a red-hot, sizzling battlefield that makes you realise there was never a doubt about the outcome of the war.

British soldiers are out to win—even if they have to tear the Nazi divisions to pieces with their hands.

* * *

SUCH an overwhelming spirit of victory inspires them to do things that leave the Nazis petrified with terror. And they get away with their daring.

They have performed incredible deeds of heroism.

Monster German tanks have been stopped through hand-grenades being thrust into their gun apertures when the fire of light anti-tank guns has failed to arrest their progress.

Half a dozen men have held bridge-heads against scores of German motor-cyclists armed with sub-machine guns, and in spite of their tanks, armoured vehicles and aircraft the Nazis have had to pay for their advance.

Smashed lorry columns, piles of German dead, wrecked Swastika-bearing machines tell their own story.

"The RAFERS are fighting ten to one," say the Tommies. "We will do the same."

Boys ranging in age from twenty to twenty-four are saving civilisation.

Their eyes are red through lack of sleep, yet they are always smiling. Their days are packed with deeds of heroism, yet they speak only in praise of the R.A.F. They never showed any signs of weakening.

And their confidence was a sorely needed tonic.

* * *

FIRST correspondent into Belgium and the last to leave, I was on the move for days.

For a hundred miles I drove along a road packed with refugees, who were being constantly bombed and machine-gunned. Arriving at Lille, I was told to move on again.

These young Britons, their battle-dress grey with the dust of shattered Louvain, have been incredibly brave in their efforts to stop the advancing column of Nazi mechanised troops

The Germans were already thrusting up from the south, ninety-two miles behind the British lines.

It was bewildering.

And even in the darkness the shifting shadows on the road, the blurred, bent figures laden with household treasures told a pitiful tale.

The big battalions of Despair were being driven miserably on, whipped by gunfire. The whole of the night the sky was ablaze with searchlights, and the crash of bombs falling on the neighbouring ground made the road ahead heave like a whale's back.

All roads leading out of Arras to the west were barricaded and held by small pickets of grim-faced Tommies with anti-tank guns.

I saw suffering ghastlier than anything seen in Spain or China.

The unspeakable Hun loosed all his hate and fury on small towns and villages. He dropped bombs that were never meant to cut military communications. They were blast bombs that burst outwards on contact with the ground, sowing death for hundreds of yards around, but making a scratch only an inch deep in the road surface.

These bombs massacred large numbers of people jammed in a restricted area, and were used against aged men and women and children. It was stark, senseless murder.

Kindly Tommies packed old and feeble people into returning Service lorries, but there was not room for all. I saw one woman sitting weeping on the ruins of her farm and others trying vainly to lead her away.

* * *

WHILE I stood on a hill overlooking Louvain watching British gunners pouring shells into the charging masses of German tanks, I saw flight after flight of bombers pass over.

Returning the way I had come at nightfall, I saw what they had done.

Blazing wrecks on the road showed that bombers had scored direct hits on private cars laden with refugees.

Another small town had been pounded and hundreds of people killed when their homes were smashed by heavy bombs.

The worst horrors were revealed in Tournai. Clouds of dense smoke, illuminated by tongues of flame, warned me when I was still miles away to expect the worst.

In the town, I was told of things that filled me with hate for the Nazi butchers.

The whole of the shopping centre was burning fiercely and there were other fires raging on the outskirts. Every street contained a ruined home.

A white-faced man pointed to the blazing wreckage of the town's chief store.

"There are ten people in there," he said.

I looked to see whether there was any chance of getting them out.

"No," he said. "They are all dead. A little while ago, before the fire became so fierce, there were screams for help.

"An officer and a gendarme succeeded in forcing a way through the flames to a cellar where a boy and a man were trapped. They rescued them, but all the others were dead.

"The gendarme collapsed when he came out of the inferno, but when he recovered he rushed back."

Thirty-one aircraft rained down hundreds of high explosive and incendiary bombs.

The raid started about 4 p.m., but at dusk there were still many time-bombs buried in the streets and in the wreckage of houses, timed to explode at intervals throughout the night.

* * *

AFTERWARDS I met one of the Hurricane pilots who had just returned from assisting in driving off the raiders. After taking a quick bath, he was about to set off again.

He told me that his squadron "got eight of them."

"The bombers were escorted by fighters," he said, "but none of them would stop to fight. We got what we could. They were all over the sky."

These British airmen are doing supermen's work.

They take on all odds and succeed.

Those that died struck such a blow for freedom before they went that if freedom lives it will live through them.

A twenty-year-old London pilot, who had shot down seven Nazi aircraft after being in France four days, said, "I saw a helping of Heinkels, and took them."

Although a new arrival to his squadron, he fell at once into his place.

* * *

BRITISH soldiers had to retreat from Louvain because of the break through near Sedan, but until the orderly withdrawal began our artillery was pounding the advancing Germans mercilessly, sending in two shells to their one.

One Tommy told me how the Germans broke through.

"We were holding the road leading to Arras when they came on in fast tanks, shooting at us from all directions and cutting off our company.

"Machine-gun bullets whistled all round us.

"Still, that wasn't as bad as the shrapnel which caught us as we retired under orders. I got five pieces in the head and body.

"The bullets came like hailstones from tanks. We would have been all right if we had not been cut off from the rest of our crowd and had to fall back."

* * *

YES, it has been a terrible week.

The skies have been thick with bombers and fighter aircraft, Nazi, British and French.

Houses collapsed in a swirl of dust and flying brickwork as I drove along the roads.

Refugees by the thousand, wrecked cars, dead Germans, abandoned tanks, have provided a strange contrast with the almost idyllic peace that reigned in Northern France three weeks ago.

Meantime, I have news of a very old friend.

There are not many survivors from the last Great War who will have forgotten Doc. Edwards.

There are few Tommies in this war in the neighbourhood of Amiens who have not flocked into his "pub."

Doc. Edwards and I left Amiens in haste together.

Amiens was packed with refugees and thousands more were leaving. Doc. asked me whether I thought the place would be held.

I told him we had orders to be ready on the move again at a few hours' notice.

Just as Doc. and I left the bombers came over.

The first bomb hit the Grand Hotel and Doc.'s estaminet. A few hours afterwards parachutists rained down on the town and set it on fire. After that hell was let loose.

"John Bull" has constantly warned the authorities about the activities in our very midst of potential saboteurs and spies. Here are more revelations

5th Columnists' Many Masks

FOR nearly a month the best brains of Scotland Yard and the leading provincial police forces have been engaged on Fifth Column investigations.

What they have discovered is giving grave concern.

British police authorities have known for some time that Hitler had a Fifth Column here.

They now know that the Fifth Column in this country is a far bigger and more efficient organisation than those that "sold" Norway and Holland to the enemy.

A multitude of seemingly innocent activities among Nazis, German sympathisers, refugees and others—before the war as well as since—are now seen to fit into the jig-saw of Hitler's gigantic scheme for overthrowing the British Empire.

Nazis haven't hesitated to create that sinister Column under the guise of educational, religious, charitable and humanitarian work in this country.

They haven't hesitated to use German nurses, Sisters of Mercy, doctors and clergymen to reach that end.

You have seen Fascist slogans, written on the walls of Britain in letters that a whole winter of bad weather couldn't obliterate.

An alarmingly high percentage of the sites regularly used for these chalkings are railway bridges, viaducts, water conduits, munition factories and Government buildings whose identity wouldn't at once be apparent to passers-by.

To such sites, in Belgium and Holland, parachute troops and Fifth Columners were led by messages behind street signs and posters.

Police do not believe that silly Fascist youths, given to chalking on walls at night, had any such motives.

But investigations may prove that paid German agents have used this method of marking our vulnerable points, knowing that their chalkings will be dismissed as the harmless efforts of young Fascists.

The British Fifth Column is hiding behind all sorts of organisations unknown to those organisations themselves.

But there are other organisations.

The German Commercial School of the Deutsche Angestelltenschaft, of Ealing, London, W., is closed down "for the duration."

BUT to this school went German youths whose families did not infringe Nazi racial and anti-Jewish teachings as far back as 1800.

"John Bull," watching this school seven years ago, made representations to the authorities about the propaganda work in which these young Nazis were indulging.

Yet there was no reason then to think in terms of Fifth Column activities.

These students were always taking day-trips. Railway bookings show that they visited the main industrial districts and aerodromes around London.

They made friends with young people, invited them to Germany, fêted them, and sent them back to this country as perfervid Nazis.

A FIFTH COLUMN can only be created by winning adherents in the country in which it must skulk. How many adherents did this school win?

And how many adherents were won by the various German charitable organisations in this country?

Many of the spiritual, medical and educational workers attached to these German institutions were working for Hitler.

Consider the pastor of a German Lutheran Church, in London, who was temporarily interned in the early days of the war.

He never missed an opportunity to pray for the deliverance of the Jews. He never failed to remind his hearers of the imprisoned martyr, Pastor Niemoeller. He sometimes criticised the Nazi régime. Yet a tract given away at the church door by his Sisters of Mercy

One of the many Nazi parachutists, captured in Holland and brought to Britain for internment, being searched on a warship.

while his pleas for the Jews were still ringing in the ears of his congregation has a serious significance in the light of recent events.

The concluding paragraph was: "It is palpable that wherever the Jews possess the leadership, the divine and human laws in the life of the nation are trampled upon, all beneficial morals of law and order are undermined and the most holy bonds dissolved."

That voice is the voice of Hitler.

JOHN BULL wants to know where are those Sisters of Mercy who broadcast that voice.

German readers of that tract were urged, "The Strength of our Nation lies in Health. Acquire membership of the N.S.V."

There is nothing anti-British about wanting to be healthy, but the National Sozialistische Volkswohlfahrt preaches the health and strength that makes good Nazi soldiers!

This anti-Nazi pastor was not so anti-Nazi that he was afraid to spend his annual holiday in Germany just before the war started.

Aliens authorities must look more deeply into the activities of many more German pastors now labelled as refugees.

Most of them were able to visit Germany. Yet they were all here when the war started.

As we have been so well reminded, a spy doesn't necessarily look a spy.

A Fifth Columnist doesn't look anything but a man or woman whom nobody would suspect.

Among them may be more than one of the young Ealing people invited to Germany by the propagandist-students of the Deutsche Angestelltenschaft, entertained by the German Labour Front and sent back home as fierce Nazi adherents.

SECRETS OF ROUND-UP

TWO hundred and fifty Special Branch and C.I.D. detectives have been organised into a permanent squad to carry on war against all those British citizens who, because they are not wholly with us, are against us.

Also, there is a night squad of fifty men as well, equipped to pounce at a moment's notice on the headquarters of any traitors in any part of the kingdom.

It would be unfair to the police to assume that they saw no danger in the activities of Britons in this country until events in Norway and Holland brought it home to them.

Quick Work

They created the nucleus of their scheme within a few days of war breaking out.

London also had a tremendous amount of help from the leading provincial forces.

But they had to fight the hampering tactics of politicians and bureaucrats who kept repeating with maddening stupidity that no Britisher, no matter what his feelings towards Germany might be, would ever do anything to hamper his own country.

And police authorities had no real powers until the famous Defence Regulation 18 B was amended.

Police forces of Australia, New Zealand and Canada were able to send us information about many pro-Nazi Britons. In return, British officials furnished them with evidence on which round-ups of their own will be based in due course.

Minor Raids

Handicapped as they were by lack of statutory powers, the police were able to make some hundreds of minor raids with the main raid in view.

They raided private houses, clubs, cellars, and boarding-house bed-sitting rooms. For reasons that are obvious, it was in single-room lodgings that they had their best success.

JOHN BULL can at last give details of the round-up of British Fascists and other Nazi sympathisers, now behind iron bars. Involving months of careful preparation, it is the biggest job Scotland Yard has ever carried out. And it is by no means completed yet. Many scores, perhaps many hundreds more friends of Nazi Germany are to be brought into the net.

They were faced with the difficulty that if they raided the headquarters of any organisation friendly to Germany—and there are many—important documents hidden away in some obscure dwelling could be destroyed in a minute.

So they first raided obscure dwellings, but always with such reason that the headquarters could never suspect that a major raid was coming.

One of the buildings raided was a lonely farmhouse.

Many "Visits"

Dozens of British Fascists were "visited" in the few weeks preceding the raid on the British Union headquarters.

Yet headquarters officials had no inkling of the pounce that was coming.

The position of arrested people is interesting.

They will not be charged with any offence.

They are being "held" in the interests of the country.

They have the right to make an appeal to the committee created under the regulations framed to ensure the safety of the Realm, but their appeals will be heard in camera.

They are not held as guilty people, and it would be wrong to presume any form of guilt against them.

Authorities are determined that as the war progresses the only people who will be allowed their liberty in this country will be those about whom the country feels 100 per cent. sure.

It cannot be achieved in a sweep of the hand.

Not So Pleased

It will be done as quickly as is humanly possible, now that we have really got down to the job.

Many traitors, near traitors and pin-prickers are walking about congratulating themselves that they have escaped the first round-up.

If they knew what a huge fund of material the Yard has accumulated already they might not be so pleased with themselves.

They are waiting for the next round-up!

"Be of Good Cheer"

BE OF GOOD CHEER! Those buoyant words were said by One Who Knew the darkness, and the agony, that mankind must pass through. The terror and the trials, the havoc and the loss. BE OF GOOD CHEER! Those words were said by One Who Faced A Cross.

BE OF GOOD CHEER! In spite of those who try to make a World, of Tyranny and Frightfulness, with their Flags of Hate unfurled; from every city where their hordes invade with Death and Crime, but He will Overcome the World Within His Own Good Time.

BE OF GOOD CHEER! And Hope, and Pray, and do the thing that's right, for He is with you All the Way through Darkness into Light. Through every ill that can befall, He Will Not Let You Down, though the Shadow of the Cross be laid on every little Town.

BE OF GOOD CHEER! The clouds will pass, the horrors will all fade, and out of this Gethsemane a better World be made. And He Will Walk beside you whatever may befall, for there is NO MOMENT IN YOUR LIFE WHEN HE IS OUT OF CALL.

BE OF GOOD CHEER! Go smiling on, for Fear is an Unreal Foe; those roads we dread the most are roads we never have to go, the agonies we build within Conjecture's Tortured Hell, fall like a shadow from our hearts when GOD Sounds the "ALL WELL!"

BE OF GOOD CHEER! Look up and smile, and Hope to the very end, for in your heart you know that God is your Eternal Friend. Don't try to measure burdens which belong to hours to be, let your Soul go smiling forward while God Guards its Destiny.

J. M.

Sir Wyndham Childs' Page

THESE QUACKS ARE ON DANGER LIST

FOR all his astonishing literature, his mystic signs, his strange handwriting and the coloured pictures of Eastern flowers with which apparently he brews his ballyhooed medicaments, **A. Mohamed Dean**, the "Indian Naturopath," of Ribbleton Lane, Preston, Lancashire, remains a dangerous quack, fit only for public indictment.

He credits himself with a "L.M.C.L." degree, which cannot be found in the accepted medical books, and says he will cure the lame and halt as he has already cured hundreds of sufferers.

"Put your health in my hands," says he; and asks two guineas for a treatment that he performs with a concoction called "Unany Snake Oil." If you can't afford two guineas, you can pay for this treatment by instalments!

There was a time when such men would have been put down by cudgelling or submersion in a horse-pond.

To-day, they are allowed to flourish.

Another of the same kin is **"Ali Mohamed"**—his real name, believe it or not, is **Rupert de Montmorency**—who has been posing as a medical genius for years.

Known also as **"Abdur Pataudi,"** he was calling himself a doctor and putting M.D. after his name when giving prescriptions in Sheffield as long ago as 1931.

This dangerous impostor was recently busy in the Liverpool district. And you can gauge the value of his treatments when I tell you he has been convicted on thirty-five occasions since 1902 for posing as a doctor, and other offences, while on one occasion he was prosecuted for assaulting young women patients.

These two are prominent among many such quacks, but I must also warn you against **Alfred Henry Brown**, who has at times posed in the North as a Harley Street specialist, and calls himself "The Miracle Man." Brown has been to prison.

Charles Martin tours the country, selling "cures" by means of expensive publicity that do nothing more than line his pockets. "Monk's Oil" is among his best sellers.

Thomas Campbell also calls himself a "Miracle Man," and travels far and wide with a "cure" that is a heartless deception.

Charles Baxter, alias L. Dennis, Arthur Mackenzie, Louis Ferrie—he changed his real name from Gittleshon to Lewis—is among the worst charlatans "on the road" for the cruelty with which he persistently promises to cure cripples. Among my records there is another purveyor of a "cure-all," who has been through the bankruptcy courts three times with assets nil; also Captain "Doctor" James Robbins; the "Institute of Glandular Treatment," Bournemouth; W. Goodall, of the "Institute of Aural-Thermy," and Lewis Rupell, who poses as an eye specialist.

Turbaned Mr. A. Mohamed Dean, sham medical healer, whose cures are as mysterious as some of his signs. . . .

Such men are dangerous, and it is only for your own good that you see a qualified medical man rather than fall into the clutches of charlatans.

Money for Jam

NOW I will leave the subject of medical quacks for the present and turn to the operations of Mr. Arthur P. Collins, of Vauxhall Road, Birmingham, who makes such a song and dance about offering financial help at 4 per cent., less tax, to manufacturers, farmers and traders "suffering from a pain in the overdraft."

Describing himself as a financial broker, he claims, among many other things, that he can secure capital for sound businesses.

Yet when a Bedford reader paid a preliminary fee to Collins, he was immediately asked for a further seven guineas to "cover valuation."

"Send either cash or a cheque—cash will be much better," said Collins, who also asked that a telegram be forwarded to say whether the money was coming!

On my advice the Bedford man did nothing more.

Another reader, a Norwich man, eager to arrange a mortgage on his shop, received a similar request, and I advised him, too, to ignore the offer. It should be a sad disappointment for this master of finance who writes from a dingy private house. The ground-floor room he uses as an office also serves as a kitchen. It contains a gas cooker and cooking utensils!

This "financier's" telegraphic address is "Firebox." A real firebox would be handy indeed for those who receive his offers.

* * *

He Hates to Disgorge

OTHER "philanthropists" go out of their way to find those in need of financial assistance. And their very eagerness to advance cash should make even the most credulous suspicious.

They seem to think that charity starts in the advertisements in which they make such dazzling offers that it must be difficult for the sore oppressed to ignore their blandishments.

It was so with the advertisements, appearing in a famed national newspaper, in which J. W. Wilson and Co., of Coppergate, York, offered loans to would-be purchasers of businesses.

But let me tell you what happened to a man who answered one of those advertisements.

He wanted to buy the business of a friend who had joined up. He paid £40 as a deposit, but the deal fell through. **And for the last few months—ever since the business of "buying a business" came to nothing, in fact—he has been trying to reclaim his £40. He is always told that a cheque will arrive within a few days. It never comes.**

And enquiries reveal that J. W. Wilson and Co. do quite well by getting substantial deposits and hanging on to them until a threat of court proceedings makes them feel just a trifle uneasy.

Imagine the wrath of a Bridlington reader who waited five months for the return of his money, and paid six guineas for "expenses."

Yet J. Wilson and Co. had held on to his capital for all that time and are still advertising. "No irritating delays and conditions. Quick results."

* * *

Baiting the Workless

WHEN he stood in the dock at the Old Bailey a year or two ago waiting to be sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment for fraud, he was described as "The Homework King," and it was said that he made an income of £10,000 from only one of his schemes.

And now the Homework King is at it again, using his own name of Leslie Archibald Spikesman and posing as a "Postal Publicity Agent."

You will see his appeals in local newspapers to struggling people who are eager to supplement their incomes by odd jobs at home. He offers "Homework, chiefly writing," and when you apply to the "Manager" at Belleville Road, London, S.W.11, you receive an impressive leaflet describing how hundreds of thousands of pounds are spent each year in postal publicity by firms preferring to send their advertising through the post.

"My postal plan shows you how to get a share of this money," says he. "Now in war time this will more than ever be the case." Then he stresses that business firms are eager to find outside workers now that the Army is claiming so many of their young people.

After making out a most impressive case for his wares, he suggests you should send him five shillings for "Spikesman's Postal Publicity Plan," which will be delivered in a plain, sealed cover.

Spikesman has been making a comfortable living out of such "plans" for the last twenty years. He has found it easy and profitable to prey on people who wanted to make "just a little more."

His sham enterprises have included "Bell and Company," Paradise Street, Liverpool; "Owen and Company," York Street, London; Hope and Sons; Stone and Company; The British Showcard Service; Imperial Publicity; Grant and Gray; Mail Traders, Ltd., and Hertons, Ltd.

All these concerns, apparently created to sell money-making schemes to the public, seemed only to benefit the Homework King behind them.

Recently Spikesman has been organising the Star Knitware Company, of Webbs Road, London, S.W., which sells instructions to those eager to make money out of their knitting needles.

But all you get from Spikesman is a tangled skein. . . .

* * *

A Warning About Beauty

EVEN the best run schemes of the most forthright beauty contest organisers are apt to gang agley.

And having watched so many beauty contests, started with the best intentions, end in disaster, you can understand my inability to appreciate the efforts to organise a beauty contest which was supposed to help a well-known War Fund.

In the beginning the advertiser asked for entrance fees and photographs of beautiful babies, then enlarged the scope of the competition by including girls and young women.

It's an odd sort of occupation for a man who is employed in the kitchens of a provincial hotel, don't you think? Yet that is where, on enquiry, I found this "organiser."

It was much the same not long ago with a "beauty competition" in which large prizes were offered. It was all most impressive until suddenly, after many complaints about delays, the whole thing went phut.

Unless you actually know the local organisers of a competition, whether it be for "Bonny Babies" or "Beautiful Girls," don't be lured into taking part.

Half crowns sent to "organisers" who advertise in local newspapers, offering a glamorous future to the most lovely girl, are often being thrown away.

* * *

Gracious—But Grasping

SHE is "angel face" to the confidence tricksters who admire the deft methods with which she robs her many dupes in hotel lounges.

To the police she is "Gladys Pemberton," a forty-five-year-old charmer, whose thinning blonde hair, pale, "angelic" face with its persistent smile; expensive clothes and soft, pleasing voice have made it possible for her to persuade many people that she needs money with which to organise concerts for troops.

Whatever is said against her, it is difficult to suggest that such an "angel face" could be used only for unworthy blandishments.

That is why an elderly woman in a West Country hotel recently lent her £12, and was most surprised when her trust was betrayed. Meantime the concert organiser had taken her luggage away by a trick and had set off again on her journey of chicanery, leaving behind a backwash of complaints and disenchantment.

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

Mr. William Dove, of Whitley, Greenside, Sheffield, has been awarded this week's £1 1s. He assisted me with information which was used in a recent article.

WRITE TO ME ABOUT ANY MATTER WHICH YOU FEEL CALLS FOR INQUIRY. Mark your envelopes "Public Benefactor."

GREATEST OF THESE

LIFE holds only work and worry for Mrs. Tomlinson, a North London woman — particularly worry caused by repeated demands for rent arrears amounting to £8.

Her husband is an unemployed ex-Service man. There are five children under 13 years of age, one of them very delicate.

Everything of value in the home has been pawned. The whole family is desperately in need of shoes.

More than ever it is essential to help those impoverished through the last war, and we shall be happy to receive donations earmarked "Arrears" for the Tomlinsons or for our General Fund.

Please send your contributions to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given, and lists of subscriptions are kept at this office. A copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

There are no deductions for administration expenses, every penny sent being devoted to the Fund.

We are grateful to the readers who anonymously send to us under various pseudonyms.

Unknown Heroes of AIR ARMADA

Almost incredible successes have been scored by R.A.F. pilots in the great battle of the last fortnight. But don't forget the men who make it possible for these winged heroes to take the air, the ground staffs responsible for keeping engines, aircraft and guns in fighting trim. A "John Bull" representative introduces you to these aircraftmen, ten of whom are needed for every R.A.F. machine in the air

"They Also Serve Who Never Fly"

SUCH is the motto of the earth-bound heroes of the R.A.F. And you see these men at their best in Training Town.

Officially, Training Town is Technical Training School, R.A.F., but that does not indicate the magnitude of its life as a self-contained centre, or of its stupendous job of transforming the raw material of unskilled humanity in the mass into skilled groundsmen, responsible for Britain's efficient air armadas.

It is here that they find the ten men behind every fighter, bomber and "recco" aircraft in service.

You enter Training Town through a gate in the protective wall of man-high barbed wire stretching round the vast expanse of forty-eight flat acres.

You are dwarfed by this mushroom war town with its huge brick-built workshop hangars, its massive living block, accommodating 1,100, and looking more like a modern super-hotel than a barracks, its cinema and concert halls, its swimming bath, gymnasium, church, hospital, and scores of temporary long wooden hutments, providing living-room, or housing schools, laboratories, libraries, recreation-rooms.

The average age of the airmen trainees is twenty-three, although a few enthusiasts are older. Unlike the more numerous apprentices, these adult trainees are an urgent war-time innovation, and the R.A.F. wants more and more of them.

Their intensive training as flight mechanics or flight riggers lasts five months before they are drafted to aerodromes as groundsmen.

Flight mechanics maintain and do minor repairs to aero engines; flight riggers do the same to air frames.

They have left all sorts of civil jobs to come to Training Town.

One flight rigger, now starting life again at fifty-five, was "demobbed" after the last war as an aero-fabric rigger. He became an insurance clerk, is now back to his "first love," glad to be doing his bit to qualify as one of the army of land airmen keeping R.A.F. machines in perfect condition.

A few paces away is a flight mechanic of forty-five. He was a ship's stoker, and volunteered to come here to learn a trade. Training Town not only gives him a war-time career but also a peace-time future as a craftsman.

THAT also was a lure (patriotic reasons apart) for younger men—a former city office clerk, shop assistant, garage hand, actor, waiter, church bellhanger, confectioner, and a dozen more.

If all these airmen trainees are finding new lives for old, the apprentices are in a paradise for every boy who dreams of becoming an aero engineer.

Apprentices, aged fifteen to eighteen, have two years' training as engine or airframe fitters or fitter armourers, and emerge from Training Town as fully skilled craftsmen. They enter by way of Air Ministry examinations, their educational qualifications being sufficiently high for one in every six to be of "Matric" standard.

These boys learn the whole series of processes for the complete overhaul of Britain's latest aero engines, with equipment so elaborate that the tools for the overhaul of the Rolls Kestral engines alone cost £3,600.

Others master the processes of overhauling and repairing modern metal airframes, with electrical and pneumatically operated tools.

In a vast workshop fitter armourers were working on a power-driven gun turret.

"Careless Talk May Give Away Secrets," was the notice displayed prominently on the walls. A few steps away other posters, amusing but effective, warned boys against carelessness with dangerous machinery.

An old school tie was vanishing from a boy's neck into revolving cogs, and a tiger's teeth were a reminder that those of a machine are equally deadly.

Apprentices receive 7s. a week pocket money, and pass out as leading aircraftmen, pay 6s. a day; aircraftmen first-class, 4s. 9d. a day; aircraftmen second-class, 4s. a day.

Training Town has given them a skilled trade after a free training, on which it has spent (taking all costs into consideration) £250 a year. They have worked hard, submitted to strict discipline, yet enjoyed a life of amenities.

The cinema, with accommodation for a thousand, modern sound apparatus, and up-to-date films, provides them and their elder brothers, the airmen trainees, with thirteen performances a week at charges of from 4d. to 1s.

There are amateur dramatics, E.N.S.A. shows and roller skating in the concert hall, which seats 800.

They take the plunge in a super swimming bath.

The water is chlorinated and warmed to 74 deg.; this luxury is also available to the wives and children of married personnel and auxiliary W.A.A.F.s. When each swimmer passes through a medicated foot bath, an electric ray is broken and automatically brings into use a medicated spray.

AN enormous centrally heated gymnasium, 100 yards long by 40 wide, is equipped with sculling and cycling machines, boxing rings, sand-jump pits, basket ball, badminton courts, high-jump and every other conceivable modern gym. apparatus.

Indoor games rooms provide billiards, table-tennis, draughts, chess and other pastimes, and dozens of acres of playing fields are used for soccer, rugby, hockey and cross-country running in winter; cricket, base-ball, athletics and pass-ball in summer.

There are special service instructors.

The church has services and padres for all denominations, and apprentices and airmen trainees have built their own altar with five-hundred-year-old wood felled at the station.

Church parades are compulsory only once a month.

The hospital, with modern medical instruments of every description, including X-ray and operating theatre, can treat a thousand patients.

The £200,000 brick-built living block, accommodating 1,100, has 1,898 windows to give a maximum of light and ventilation to this three-storey building. The two main dining-rooms have floors of marbolith. Corridor walls have glazed tiles.

Training Town's aerodrome deafens you with the roar of dozens of engines of instructional fighter, bomber and "recco" aircraft. Blue-overalled men and boys swing propellers or air-screws, tongues of flame flash vividly from engines that have been deliberately put wrong so that they can be put right, slick fighters and monster bombers taxi to and fro, or take off and land, for last lessons in ground maintenance.

Training Town begins and ends its life on the ground, bent intently over its job of teaching the groundsman to keep the flyer's machine keyed to ever-ready point, and content with its motto:

"THEY ALSO SERVE WHO NEVER FLY."

Apprentices in this great university of flight have every amenity in their camp—from swimming pools to cinemas

MICROBE WAR IS IDLE THREAT

LOCAL defence volunteers, maintaining a 24-hour watch for attempted landings by Nazi parachutists, pay special attention to reservoirs and other sources of water supply throughout this country.

Always closely guarded since the beginning of the war, the parachute menace has intensified the need for careful scrutiny.

The reason is not only the havoc that might be wrought by parachutists carrying high explosives, but also the danger of Hitler carrying out his diabolical pre-war threat to employ microbe warfare.

Although germ war, whether carried out by parachutists or aeroplanes, is mainly a Fifth column bogy created to infect minds rather than bodies, the British Government is taking no chances.

Two and a half years ago precautions were taken to prevent pollution of reservoirs "by dropping cholera, typhoid and other fatal germs from enemy aircraft."

Cholera germs cannot be used as an artificial means of infecting water or food supplies, because these germs have no power of producing disease when laboratory produced.

Much the same is true of the bacilli of typhoid and dysentery. They are merely figments in a typical Nazi scare myth.

Greater epidemic danger might exist from such air-borne diseases as pneumonic plague and smallpox, yet Professor J. B. S. Haldane is sceptical about their being artificially disseminated with any success.

Such insect pests as the potato beetle, dropped on the countryside to infect growing foodstuff, might be more effective.

So might efforts to spread such livestock diseases as glanders, anthrax and foot-and-mouth. To meet any such attempts, however slight the prospect of their success, the Ministry of Agriculture has preparations well in hand.

Glib Nazi talk about waging war with the microbes of yellow fever and bubonic plague is moonshine.

The first is "carried" by flies, the second by fleas, and the prospect of keeping huge freshly-infected stocks of flies and fleas is something that would defy the capacity of even the Germanic-inhuman-ingenuity.

"Perhaps we shall introduce bacteria at the height of the war," Hitler boasted, "at the moment when the powers of the enemy are beginning to fail."

The man guilty of that boast informed the British Government that "for the duration" the Nazis would observe the Geneva Protocol of 1935 prohibiting the use of bacteriological and poison gas methods of warfare.

Neither boast nor promise is believed.

British troops in France and Flanders do not fear the madman's germ threats.

When you are fighting in close proximity, what infects one side also infects the other.

Yet the peril of poison is not ruled out.

The B.E.F. carries its own water, in tanks daily disinfected.

BEST BOOK OF THE WAR

SO tremendous is the demand for "BRITAIN'S WONDERFUL FIGHTING FORCES," the greatest war book ever published, that the offer must now be withdrawn. Final Reservation Order Label appears on page 22.

¶ In these 100,000 words and more than 400 illustrations and diagrams are explained the marvels and secrets of Britain's stupendous war machine—men and guns, ships and aircraft.

¶ This work is available at a special low privilege price. Turn to page 22 and post the Final Reservation Order Label while there is still time.

JUNE 1, 1940

Argue it Out **by Pallas**

The Men—And The Hour

THE nation harnesses itself for the titanic struggle ahead.

Class distinction goes overboard.

Capital and Labour forgo their rights in the common cause.

Democracy imposes on itself the dictatorship of Democracy—a total war effort willingly undertaken in the knowledge that Democracy, by sacrificing its rights, for the time being, will preserve those rights for the years to come.

Out of the muddle of the first months of the war comes, at long last, Leadership. Not the leadership of a class, of a social clique, but of a nation united in a vital struggle against evil.

Once again out of the little homes of Britain and the Empire have come the men to answer the needs of the hour.

Bevin, Minister of Labour; Morrison, Minister of Supply; Beaverbrook (Lord, to you), Minister of Aircraft Production, fulfil their destiny. From obscurity they have sprung to fame.

They were not unknown when the war began.

Bevin was a dynamic and leading figure in the world of trade unionism.

Morrison was "boss" of the London County Council, holding down the biggest job of its kind in the world.

Lord Beaverbrook, from a poor manse of Presbyterianism, had built for himself an imposing edifice in the world of newspapers.

But the war began with their greatest tasks yet to come. They had been already tried in the fires of public life, and they had withstood the scorching flames.

CHURCHILL, taking control of the nation's war effort, looked for men to intensify his drive to victory.

Was a man Eton and Balliol? Rugby and Trinity? Who knew? Who cared?

Certainly not the Premier.

He chose his men for the jobs that mattered.

That some of those men should have sprung from lowly stock, should have succeeded in the face of adversity, is tribute to the fact that the qualities of leadership and drive will assert themselves when the demand for those qualities arises.

I have often pondered the qualities of such men; studied their lives; wondered what vital "something" drove them on, ever on, to the success and leadership they so richly merit.

I have asked them why they have risen to commanding positions in industry, in commerce, above all, in leadership. None of them has given me a satisfactory answer.

Most of them worked hard, cut out pleasure, stinted themselves. Most applied themselves diligently to the study of the job they had to do.

And most of them had to admit that success, like a thief in the night, stole on them unawares, and left them amazed at the knowledge that the world acclaimed them "a success."

Thomas Gray, whose "Elegy" for my schoolboy sins I had to learn by heart, wrote of the obscure who gained none of life's glittering prizes:

"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

SUCCESS, with its problems, its worries, its constant sense of obligation to others, did not disturb their lives or their dreams.

The men who, in time of need, answer a nation's call, do so in the full knowledge that their mission is one of sacrifice and of toil.

Success is a hard taskmaster.

So is Leadership.

To lead, a man must know his fellows.

He must appreciate their problems, their anxieties; and must give them an example worthy of a Leader.

The hour to-day has produced the men; and it has proved that in the darkest hours of a country's travail the men may spring from lowly homes.—*"Flowers born to blush unseen."*

History has that lesson for us all.

America found its Abraham Lincoln, Italy its Garibaldi, France its Napoleon. From the soil comes the strength of a nation.

In Britain to-day, in the peerage, in the key positions of commerce and industry are men who have stormed the barriers.

Their lives, maybe unknown to themselves, have been fashioned for a purpose.

And if to-day that purpose is the ultimate triumph of the cause which is ours, their success will be the success of right over might.

DEFEATISTS ARE

Let us be hard with ourselves, ruthless w
and stern with defeatism in all its ugly and
for we have the destiny of mankind in

says A. G. GARDINE

WE are at war with the powers of hell, and if the nation is to be saved it must save itself. It is useless, worse than useless, at this dark moment to expend a thought on the vast tragedy of errors that has paved the way to the grave position in which we stand. That will occupy the future.

THE PRESENT IS OURS, AND ON THE USE WE MAKE OF IT THE FATE OF EVERYTHING WE CHERISH DEPENDS. THE FATE OF EVERYBODY ALSO—YOURS, MINE, THE RICH, THE POOR, THE YOUNG, THE OLD, THE WISE, THE FOOLISH—EVERYBODY. NONE CAN ESCAPE THE JUDGMENT OF THIS TERRIFIC ASSIZE.

To the Last Penny

If it should go against us it is not merely material loss on a scale beyond all calculation that we as a nation would suffer—loss of territory, wealth to the last penny, and all the accumulated assets of a thousand years.

Far more serious would be the spiritual losses to us and to the world.

With all its failures, the British Empire has been the most humane and liberal influence in the life of mankind for centuries.

Wherever that influence has been felt the reign of equal justice has been spread, the quality of mercy exercised, the freedom of life and institutions established.

If this is doubted, witness the impressive unanimity with which all the self-governing Dominions have rallied to our side. And not the self-governing Dominions only.

Wherever our rule extends, from the East Indies to the West Indies, among Arabs and Jews, Moslems and Hindus, all temporary grievances have been swept away by the fear that the just, temperate and humane sway under which they live should be imperilled.

Nothing has been more moving than the wave of devotion and loyalty that has come from the subject peoples.

THEY KNOW THE PERIL IN WHICH THEY WOULD STAND FROM THE TRIUMPH OF THE RUTHLESS, UNHUMAN, GODLESS TYRANNY WHICH HAS SET OUT TO CONQUER THE WORLD. IF ANCIENT AND HIGHLY CIVILISED COMMUNITIES, LIKE THOSE OF CZECHOSLOVAKIA AND POLAND, CAN BE TORTURED, MASSACRED

AND CONDE
WOULD BE T
LASH?

In this m
the world whi
"I wish,"
less, violent,
strength and
prey."

He has ta
of the mad
training a g
earth, trampl
out conscienc
without the l
soulless, merc

"Nationa
more than a
superman."

We

It is this
this attempt

New First Lord is a Fi

A. V. Alexander, son of a widowed mother, began as an office boy

OFTEN we have laughed when, going to see "H.M.S. Pinafore," we have heard the First Lord of the Admiralty say how he started his life!

I cleaned the windows and I swept the floor,
And I polished up the handle of the big front door."

Little did even W. S. Gilbert, master cynic of his time, ever dream that, in the hour of the nation's most dire need, Winston Churchill, the new Premier, would find as successor to himself a First Lord who really started in that sort of way.

A. V. Alexander, the son of a widowed mother, began his working life as an office boy when he was only thirteen. While employed by the Bristol Education Committee, he continued his education at technical classes and by correspondence, and married on less than £2 a week.

Yet no one can deny that, after Winston himself, he was, in the last Labour Government, the best First Lord the country has known.

Few could have believed it before, but he soon mastered the problems of the Navy, so that, before long, he was discussing sea strategy with Admirals.

Lower Deck Promotions

More than that, the Fleet liked him, for he was a human being who sought to understand their personal difficulties and who urged on promotion from the lower deck.

Events of the last war sent him into politics.

Then Lord Davenport, as Food Controller, was considered very unfair to the Co-operative stores. An appeal was made to Lloyd George, but he turned it down.

So, for the first time, the Co-operative movement was driven into politics, in self-defence—and in 1922, A. V. Alexander, who had been for years a leading Co-operator, was elected for a Sheffield division as one of their M.P.s.

He brought to the House a mastery of many trading matters. The Co-operative movement, you know, grows more tea and buys more coal and sells many more things than any chain store firm in the land. So its leaders are really in Big Business.

Sermon Changed His Life

A. V. Alexander—"Alec" as all the Labour people call him—was well trained before he started. He had learned speaking, too, as a Baptist lay preacher, a sermon, he says, having changed the course of his life.

Alexander's grip of things is extraordinary. He can see right through a Budget and its complexities in almost no time. He was, in the last war, a good soldier, rising to the rank of captain.

Many stories are told of him.

When he was First Lord in the Labour Government and there was a function, with palms and all that, at the Admiralty, it was necessary for some of the guests and their wives and daughters to stay all night, for not all the people invited had their own Rolls-Royce.

A. V. gave up his own bedroom for one of the guests.

Then he found a blanket, went to a palm-decorated reception room, turned the lights down, undressed, and fell asleep on the floor in a circle of palms.

In the morning, contractors' men came in to take the palms away.

They stumbled over the sleeping figure, shook him into wakefulness, and said, "Here, here, show a leg there. I should get out of it, mate, before the nobs see you."

The First Lord of the Admiralty girded his loins with a blanket—and got out.

The Wrong Cream!

When one of my colleagues and his wife went to A. V.'s house for a party, Alec talked glowingly of the Co-ops.

"I used to have their milk," said the journalist's wife, "and I liked it. But I found it didn't suit the puddings I make."

"No good for puddings?" asked A. V., genuinely hurt. "No good for puddings? Why, it is the best milk for everything."

Then, calling a maid, he said, "Ivy, fetch a bottle of milk in."

Ivy brought in a bottle of milk. A. V. looked at it proudly. "Look at the cream on the top," he crowed.

A Peer, sitting near, interrupted him.

"But that's a bottle of United Dairies milk you've got in your hand," he said.

A. V. looked, saw the initials U. D.

"Ivy," he demanded, "how on earth did this come to enter the house?"

Ivy blushed.

"I sometimes go out for a bottle when I'm short," she confessed.

Once, when he visited a naval bakery, he asked how many loaves were got out of each sack of flour. The man told him.

JUNE 1, 1940

TISTS ARE TRAITORS

Let us be hard with ourselves, ruthless with our Quislings, and stern with defeatism in all its ugly and cowardly shapes, for we have the destiny of mankind in our keeping,

says A. G. GARDINER

quality of mercy exercised, the freedom of life and institutions established.

If this is doubted, witness the impressive unanimity with which all the self-governing Dominions have rallied to our side. And not the self-governing Dominions only.

Wherever our rule extends, from the East Indies to the West Indies, among Arabs and Jews, Moslems and Hindus, all temporary grievances have been swept away by the fear that the just, temperate and humane sway under which they live should be imperilled.

Nothing has been more moving than the wave of devotion and loyalty that has come from the subject peoples.

THEY KNOW THE PERIL IN WHICH THEY WOULD STAND FROM THE TRIUMPH OF THE RUTHLESS, UNHUMAN, GODLESS TYRANNY WHICH HAS SET OUT TO CONQUER THE WORLD. IF ANCIENT AND HIGHLY CIVILISED COMMUNITIES, LIKE THOSE OF CZECHOSLOVAKIA AND POLAND, CAN BE TORTURED, MASSACRED AND CONDEMNED TO SLAVERY, WHAT WOULD BE THEIR FATE UNDER THE SAME LASH?

In this mighty struggle it is the soul of the world which is at stake.

"I wish," Hitler has said, "a youth fearless, violent, imperious, cruel, having the strength and the beauty of young animals of prey."

He has taken the "blonde beast" jargon of the mad Nietzsche as his gospel, and is training a generation that will ravage the earth, trample on the sanctities of life, wipe out conscience, and make all lesser breeds without the law subject to his race of blind, soulless, merciless supermen.

"National Socialism," he says again, "is more than a religion: it is the creation of the superman."

We Shall Not Lose

It is this crazy reversion to paganism, this attempt to destroy the gracious humanities of the Christian civilisation, with which we are at war. In such a conflict, involving all the values that we attach to life, we must not and we shall not suffer defeat.

But the greatness of our cause must not blind us to the magnitude of the peril. We are at grips with a beast of prey, equipped with all the cunning as well as all the ferocity of a beast of prey.

The early and staggering successes that Hitler has achieved have been won largely because civilised nations could not conceive the mingled frenzy and depravity with which they are now faced.

They felt that this homicidal maniac would, like his prophet Nietzsche, soon be accommodated with a strait-waistcoat in which—again like Nietzsche—he could proclaim "I am God: I have made this caricature."

HE WOULD HAVE BEEN SO ACCOMMODATED IN ANY NORMAL CIVILISED SOCIETY.

BUT GERMANY IS NOT A NORMAL CIVILISED SOCIETY. IT HAS, AS GREAT GERMANS FROM GOETHE TO HEINE AND FROM HEINE TO FRIEDRICH FOERSTER HAVE SAID, ALWAYS BEEN PAGAN UNDER THE SKIN, WITH A "BRUTAL LUST OF BATTLE" AS ITS REAL RELIGION.

"It is not Hitler who has created this Germany," says Henri Massis, "it is Germany which has produced Hitler." He is the German God, in whose name every atrocity is sanctified.

It is the devilish cunning no less than the ferocity of Hitler that has given him such a flying start in the war. He has two main weapons—Terror and Treachery.

It was these weapons he had in mind when he said: "I shall manœuvre France out of the Maginot Line without losing one of my men."

HIS AIM WITH BOTH WEAPONS HAS BEEN TO WIN THE WAR BEHIND THE LINES.

BY TERRORISING THE CIVILIAN POPULATION HE HOPES TO BREAK THE MORALE OF THE NATION, TO CREATE SUCH AGONY, CONFUSION AND DESPAIR THAT NO GOVERNMENT CAN SUSTAIN THE FIGHT.

Frightful Efficiency

THAT IS THE MEANING OF SUCH HIDEOUS CRIMES AS THE MACHINE-GUNNING OF HELPLESS REFUGEES, WOMEN AND CHILDREN, FLEEING BEFORE THE ONRUSH OF HITLER'S BARBARIANS.

The other weapon, treachery within, has been in the armoury of Prussia ever since the days of Frederick "the Great." It was sharpened by Bismarck, but Hitler and his gang of assassins have brought it to a frightful efficiency.

It was the weapon with which he broke the resistance of Poland in a month, seized Norway in a night, overwhelmed Holland in forty-eight hours.

No thought of anything but VICTORY is in the minds of these Canadians—latest contingent to arrive in this country

THERE IS NOT A NEUTRAL COUNTRY LEFT IN EUROPE—AND NOT MANY OUTSIDE EUROPE—WHERE HIS QUISLINGS ARE NOT MINING AND SAPPING IN READINESS FOR THE DAY OF INVASION FROM WITHOUT AND BETRAYAL WITHIN.

Everywhere the purpose is to spread the spirit of defeatism by fear of the Terror, and by the suspicion of treachery at home.

It is these methods of internal disintegration for which we have to prepare, and against the effects of which we have to steel ourselves, especially when things are blackest.

We have not yet had the dreadful experience of our Allies either in regard to treachery or terror.

If it should come we must show the French and Belgian people that we can stand up to it as firmly and courageously as they have done and are doing.

FOR NEARLY A THOUSAND YEARS WE HAVE NOT KNOWN WHAT REAL INVASION MEANS, WHILE IN OUR OWN LIFETIME OUR NEIGHBOURS HAVE LIVED FROM ONE TERROR TO ANOTHER.

We owe it to them, who are suffering so bravely for us and for the general cause of humanity, to see that the present Terror passes and that the wild beast that lives next door shall never get his talons in them again.

We are braced for the struggle.

We have a Government that has brought the nation together with a unanimity and a passion that nothing shall shake, and that will help our stricken Allies to bear the much heavier burden that falls to them.

Let us be hard with ourselves, ruthless with our Quislings, and stern with defeatism in all its ugly and cowardly shapes.

THERE ARE GRIM TIMES AHEAD, AND WE SHALL HAVE BAD KNOCKS. BUT WE HAVE THE DESTINY OF MANKIND IN OUR KEEPING. AND IN FULFILLING THAT UNIVERSAL TRUST WE SHALL SAVE OURSELVES AND THE GREAT COMMONWEALTH WHICH IS THE NOBLEST CONTRIBUTION ANY NATION HAS MADE TO THE GOVERNANCE OF MEN.

Stand firm.

Be of good cheer.

Let it be said of us in this great hour, as was said of Cromwell: "Hope shone in him like a pillar of fire when it had gone out of all others."

'st Lord is a Fighter

HANNEN SWAFFER,

in his own inimitable way, gives you a close-up of Mr. A. V. Alexander, who has succeeded Mr. Winston Churchill at the Admiralty.

e continued his education at classes and by correspondence, ed on less than £2 a week.
ne can deny that, after Winston was, in the last Labour Governbest First Lord the country has

ld have believed it before, but nastered the problems of the that, before long, he was dis- strategy with Admirals.

Deck Promotions

an that, the Fleet liked him, for human being who sought to their personal difficulties and on promotion from the lower

f the last war sent him into

rd Davenport, as Food Controller, lered very unfair to the Co-stores. An appeal was made to rge, but he turned it down.
the first time, the Co-operative was driven into politics, in e—and in 1922, A. V. Alex- had been for years a leading r, was elected for a Sheffield one of their M.P.s.
ght to the House a mastery of ing matters. The Co-operative you know, grows more tea and e coal and sells many more n any chain store firm in the its leaders are really in Big

Changed His Life

xander—"Alec" as all the Labour him—was well trained before He had learned speaking, too, st lay preacher, a sermon, he g changed the course of his

r's grip of things is extra- He can see right through a d its complexities in almost no was, in the last war, a good g to the rank of captain.

Many stories are told of him.

When he was First Lord in the Labour Government and there was a function, with palms and all that, at the Admiralty, it was necessary for some of the guests and their wives and daughters to stay all night, for not all the people invited had their own Rolls-Royce.

A. V. gave up his own bedroom for one of the guests.

Then he found a blanket, went to a palm-decorated reception room, turned the lights down, undressed, and fell asleep on the floor in a circle of palms.

In the morning, contractors' men came in to take the palms away.

They stumbled over the sleeping figure, shook him into wakefulness, and said, "Here, here, show a leg there. I should get out of it, mate, before the nobs see you."

The First Lord of the Admiralty girded his loins with a blanket—and got out.

The Wrong Cream!

When one of my colleagues and his wife went to A. V.'s house for a party, Alec talked glowingly of the Co-ops.

"I used to have their milk," said the journalist's wife, "and I liked it. But I found it didn't suit the puddings I make."

"No good for puddings?" asked A. V., genuinely hurt. "No good for puddings? Why, it is the best milk for everything."

Then, calling a maid, he said, "Ivy, fetch a bottle of milk in."

Ivy brought in a bottle of milk. A. V. looked at it proudly. "Look at the cream on the top," he crowed.

A Peer, sitting near, interrupted him. "But that's a bottle of United Dairies milk you've got in your hand," he said.

A. V. looked, saw the initials U. D. "Ivy," he demanded, "how on earth did this come to enter the house?"

Ivy blushed.

"I sometimes go out for a bottle when I'm short," she confessed.

Once, when he visited a naval bakery, he asked how many loaves were got out of each sack of flour. The man told him.

"That's nothing," said A. V. "Why, in the Co-op we get five more!"

The naval baker couldn't resist a joke. "Maybe, Sir," he replied, "but in the Navy, the men make us give full weight."

A. V. has a really brilliant knowledge of the Royal Navy.

Ask about any Naval development—bigger battleships or anything else you like—and he will tell the significance of it, as it concerns any small island in the world.

Admirals have visited his house ever since he was First Lord. So have many of the lower ranks. Even when, in the debacle of 1931, he had lost his seat, they still addressed him as "First Lord."

A Brilliant Mind

Not one of them makes any secret of the fact that the Navy regards A. V. as a man with a brilliant mind.

They're not just buttering him because they know he loves the Navy—as he does every man in it.

There is no man who more despises profiteering in arms. He soon picked a hole in the Tory argument that you could always take back, in the form of taxation, 30 per cent., or even half, of the rake-off.

"It is folly to let armament makers rob the taxpayers on the basis of an arrangement of giving back half of what they take," he argued.

Walking with a nautical roll, Alec is a fighter whose battles, for the most part, have been in the industrial areas of Britain.

Well, his success now is part of our safety—for the Royal Navy is our shield.

They're on top of their jobs — thanks to the *30-Second Breakfast*

It's crisp, delicious. It saves time and trouble because it takes only 30 seconds to serve. It's packed with energy.

CRISP, crunchy corn flakes — baked golden-brown and sent to you oven-fresh in a sealed packet. Isn't that a breakfast to make your mouth water?

It's Kellogg's, of course. And there are other reasons why millions of people today prefer this 30-second breakfast.

Kellogg's save time and trouble. They're ready in 30 seconds! Just pour them straight from packet to plate. No cooking. No messy saucepan to wash-up.

And they're full of energy! An analysis made at a leading dietetic centre shows that a plate of Kellogg's with milk and sugar has more energy value than 3 eggs. (Plate of Kellogg's 220-230 calories. 3 average eggs 210 calories.) That

is why busy workers find the 30-second breakfast so sustaining.

Your grocer has Kellogg's. Ten big breakfasts in the big family packet.

CLEAN SWEEP! (Above) Mr. Tidbury of Altrincham starts out in the morning. "I begin work at six," he says, "and I don't get a break for six or seven hours, so I have to depend on a good breakfast. That's why I stick to Kellogg's. They're full of energy and certainly taste good — they're so crisp."

FLAIR. Here you see Miss P. Harling, dress designer, of "The Cap & Gown," Ebury Street, London, at work. "It's work that I love," she says, "but work that demands very long hours. As long as I start the day with a good breakfast I'm all right. Kellogg's are what I like — they keep me going because they're full of energy."

Kellogg's CORN FLAKES

5D.

Cross your palm with SYLVAN

"Buy some clothes-pegs, lady."

"No thank you."

"Then what about some fine ash clothes-props I have out there in my little cart? Spring is here, the wind is warm and clean, and the time's come round to wash the blankets."

"Oh dear, so it has. And how I hate washing blankets—such a weary, back-breaking job."

"That depends on how you do it, lady. We gypsies see a great deal as we travel about the land. And everywhere we go we see ladies using Sylvan Soap Flakes because they get half as much again for their money."

"But are Sylvan Flakes as safe as the expensive kinds?"

"Lady, your blankets will be as safe in Sylvan Flakes as the Crown Jewels in London's big Tower — Oh, to see the fleecy blankets a-dancing on the line—"

"What about my hands?"

"Bless your heart, lady, Sylvan Flakes can't hurt your pretty hands. There's no soda in Sylvan. And they won't leave no musty smell in your blankets, no matter how long you store them away."

WHY YOU SHOULD WASH BLANKETS IN SYLVAN FLAKES

BLANKETS must be washed with care. That's why wise housewives entrust their blankets to Sylvan Flakes. Washed in Sylvan, blankets come out soft as fleece and look like new. And though you store them away for weeks, they stay sweet and fresh without that musty after-smell. And besides, Sylvan Flakes are a big saving because you get half as much again for your money as with the usual expensive kinds.

SYLVAN FLAKES USE SYLVAN AND SAVE

Get the Giant Pack 1/-. Other economy sizes 6d. & 3½d.

THOMAS HEDLEY & CO. LIMITED, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE AND MANCHESTER

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE

without Calomel — and you'll jump out of bed in the morning full of vim and vigour

The liver should pour out two pints of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk, and the world looks punk.

Laxatives help a little, but a mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carters Brand Little Liver Pills to get these two pints of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/3 and 3/-.

BATH AWAY TIREDNESS

Those nasty aches and stabs of tiredness after a hard day are caused by fatigue poisons collecting in the muscles. Why not stop that aching tiredness *at once* and fill yourself with new energy? Radox in your bath supercharges the water with oxygen, opens the pores and penetrates to your muscles. Stale poisons are carried away. You jump out of your Radox bath fresh and frisky. Every chemist sells Radox, 1 6 per 10 oz. pink packet, 2/6 double quantity. Also in cubes, 3 for 7½d.

RADOX 10 oz. Pink Packet **1/6**

How I got rid of "UNDERARM HAIR"

No more razors or smelly pastes

"I never dared appear in bathing suit or evening dress, I was so ashamed of the ugly hair under my arms and on my arms and legs. I had tried everything—electric needles and smelly pastes. Shaving only made the hair grow faster and coarser. I was in despair until a friend told me about New 'VEET'. This dainty cream removed absolutely every trace of hair in 3 minutes. Left my skin soft and velvety-smooth. No ugly, bristly stubble like the razor leaves." New 'VEET' ends your superfluous hair troubles for ever.

At all chemists, hairdressers and stores. 1/3 and 2/6. (Trial size 6d.) Successful results guaranteed with New "Veet" or money refunded.

In times like these

old friends are best

If you take Beechams Pills you will feel so much younger, livelier and happier. Your skin will freshen, your eyes will brighten—and every day your system will function gently and naturally—*as it should*. Beechams Pills are purely vegetable, famous for ninety years.

take **Beechams Pills**

Worth a guinea a box

WILL SCOTT, ace of story tellers, unfolds the mystery of the man who could do tricks with the war

CHAMELEON

MR. BEETLY was a most extraordinary man. Consistent, in a way. He'd get in from London on the seven o'clock train each evening. He'd have a light meal. He'd sit for a while.

Then up to his allotment, where he'd dig for victory for exactly an hour. Then down to the local for his pint. Then home to bed.

Just like a clock ticking. Night after night. *Most* consistent. In a way.

And just because he was like a clock ticking there were plenty of clocks in the place that didn't need to tick at all. When Mrs. Brown, at The Myrtles, saw him going past to his allotment on the dot each evening she didn't have to look at the clock to know it was time to put her old man's chop on.

And when Mr. Ruddy, at Sundial Cottage, saw Mr. Beetly put his spade away and lock his allotment gate he knew it was time to leave his own garden and go in to hear the nine o'clock news.

If it was too damp to do much on his allotment, Mr. Beetly nevertheless went there on the dot. He went there and stared at his allotment. And on the other dot he went down to the local.

If it was too hot for other men to work on their allotments it was never too hot for Mr. Beetly to work on his. His timetable went on. Nothing seemed to put him off.

YOU might not admire consistency, but you had to admire Mr. Beetly's particular brand. He was so *very* consistent. In a way. As I have said.

But in another way. . . . Down at the local each night.

He'd tell you the war was going to be decided on the Western Front within six months. He wouldn't argue with you; he'd tell you. If you tried to argue with him he'd take your arm, march you across the bar parlour, poke his fat finger on the war map on the wall and *prove* it to you.

There was sense in what he said, too. You'd got to admit it. He didn't just blather. He made point after point. Good points.

When you got home you revised all your views on the war. There was such a lot of sense in what Mr. Beetly had said. And when you went down to the local the following evening you were quite convinced that the war was going to be decided on the Western Front within six months.

But that's when you began to get a headache.

You'd find Mr. Beetly in front of the war map. You'd hear him saying: "And anybody who thinks this is going to be a short war is just a blazing fool. It's going to be a long war. Five years. Ten years."

It was no good trying to remind him of what he had said the night before. He just swept you aside. He *proved* to you that it was going to be a long war. You'd got to admit it. He didn't put it forward as a casual personal view, but as a reasoned argument, packed with logic. And when you got home *that* night you'd revised all your views again.

Mr. Beetly was right.

A long war.

Five years. Ten years.

Until the next night.

Then your headache grew worse.

THIS time it was going to be a short war, decided in the Balkans. And the night after that it was going to be a long and a tough struggle, reaching its climax in the Far East.

It wouldn't have mattered if Mr. Beetly had ever said, "Well, that's how it looks to me."

But he didn't.

He *told* you. And there was so much sense in what he said that you had to agree.

But you didn't know where you stood. Your head went round and round.

He'd turn up one night and tell the world it was lucky we had So-and-So at the helm; otherwise we'd be nowhere. He'd show you how So-and-So always did the right thing at the right moment, and always had.

Another time he'd show you that so long as we depended on politicians there'd be nothing but indecision and wobble. We'd never get anywhere. He'd read out a long catalogue of all the times the Politicians had gone wrong, from Munich on. He'd give you chapter and verse and facts.

It made your head swim.

He was always so *right*. It made you feel you were going mad.

You'd probably take the landlord aside in an endeavour to get something clear.

"Look here," you'd probably say, "where does old Beetly pick up all these sound arguments of his that always contradict each other? What newspaper does he buy?"

And then you'd get it.

"None. He's too mean."

"What! He doesn't buy a paper at all?" you'd say.

"Never did," you'd be told. "He's far too stingy."

After which you'd most likely think there was nothing left for you but the asylum.

It was Blogg who cleared it up in the end. After about three months of war, Blogg's brother-in-law had his district changed by headquarters, so that he had to go up to London every day.

Rather a streak of misery, Blogg's brother-in-law. Not one of the lads. Never came down to the local at night, like Blogg and the rest. In fact, he doesn't know the lads.

Not that that's either here or there.

The point is that on the train Blogg's brother-in-law ran into a Peculiar Person. He didn't really get to know him. He just saw him.

A passenger sitting in one of the seats was reading the *Daily Yell*, the paper spread out in front of him so that you couldn't see the man at all. And on the opposite seat was the Peculiar Person.

The Peculiar Person was sitting forward on the edge of his seat, with his hands on his knees and his head thrust out, reading the outside pages of the *Daily Yell* while the owner read the inside. And when, later on, the owner turned the paper round, the Peculiar Person proceeded to get full value of the inside pages.

It took a bit of doing, and it must have been enormously uncomfortable, but by the time the long journey from London was over the Peculiar Person had managed to read practically all of the other man's *Daily Yell* from beginning to end.

For nothing!

Blogg's brother-in-law thought this a very extraordinary thing to do, but he didn't let it linger in his mind.

However, the next day he happened to get in the same carriage as the Peculiar Person once more, and there was the Peculiar Person at it again.

Only this time, as it turned out, he had got parked opposite a man who was reading the *Daily Whisper*. And by the time this journey was over the Peculiar Person had managed to read the whole of the *Daily Whisper* for nothing!

AFTER this Blogg's brother-in-law began to watch out for the Peculiar Person, and it was every time alike. But it wasn't every paper alike. Sometimes it was the *Daily Yell*, sometimes it was the *Daily Whisper*, sometimes the *Sun*, sometimes the *Moon*. It all depended on where the Peculiar Person managed to get parked on the train and on who opposite was reading what.

Well, one day Blogg's brother-in-law told Blogg all about it, and when Blogg asked his brother-in-law to describe the Peculiar Person, and his brother-in-law did, two mysteries were cleared up at once.

The Peculiar Person was Mr. Beetly.

And at last it was plain where he got his expert knowledge from.

Instead of sticking to one paper and having one set of views, like the average man, he read any paper he could glue himself to for nothing on the train.

So that one day he would reflect the optimism of the *Daily Whisper*, another day the pessimism of the *Daily Yell*, now the courage of the *Sun*, and then the caution of the *Moon*. He read *all* the experts!

It depended, as you might say, on what he drew out of the hat.

Well, there was a lot of talk down at the local.

There *was* a lot!

Some were for taxing Mr. Beetly about it, but Blogg had a better idea.

"What would happen if he could get at *every* paper one morning?

"He'd come down that night and *prove* to us that the war will be definitely over in six months and ten years, after a final decisive battle on the Western Front, the Far East, the Balkans and Easter Island!

"I tell you what I'll do. Not a word to Beetly, but I'll order every morning newspaper there is to be left at his place to-morrow, and we'll see what happens to-morrow night. He'll probably go off his rocker! Be down here at nine."

CONSEQUENTLY, all the newspapers were wished on Beetly next morning, and he read the lot going up in the train, as duly reported by Blogg's brother-in-law.

And, also as arranged, all the lads were down at the local that evening.

Bang on the stroke of nine.

An hour late. . . .

Because this time, for once, Mr. Beetly came in at eight.

"Pint!" he said tersely.

"You're early to-night, Mr. Beetly," said the landlord. "What about your allotment?"

"You can't believe," said Mr. Beetly, "a damn thing you read in the newspapers!"

"Ah!" exclaimed the landlord, who was in the know.

"One paper says get your beans in now. Another says it's too late. A third says wait three weeks because of the hard winter. They tell you to ash your soil well, ash it lightly and not ash it at all; to prune heavily, prune carefully, and leave pruning till the autumn.

"As for soot: use it, don't use it, mix it with lime and never on any account spread it until three weeks after you've spread lime!"

He thumped the counter.

"Dig for Victory. Bah!" he shouted. "Pint!"

"Nothing could be simpler than my complexion care—yet it does wonders for my skin" SAYS Lady Kinross

FOR her exquisitely fine skin, Lady Kinross uses only the very simplest of beauty-care. "Simple—yes," she says. "But it does wonders! Pond's Creams keep my skin in perfect condition."

These famous creams can safeguard *your* complexion, too. Pond's Creams cleanse, protect, stimulate and lubricate your skin. After just a few weeks you can see the difference. Big pores close up, little lines and wrinkles are smoothed away, sallowness gives place to fresh, healthy colour.

Begin using Pond's Creams now! Use Pond's Cold Cream to cleanse and lubricate your skin. Use Pond's Vanishing Cream during the day to protect your skin and to hold your powder on smoothly for hours.

Pond's Creams are sold in handy tubes as well as in the usual jars.

Analysis of Lady Kinross's features

(1) *Shape of face:* Oval, with high, finely modelled cheek-bones.
(2) *Forehead:* High, smooth, and very white.
(3) *Eyes:* Large, clear blue with a hint of green, fringed with long, up-curling dark lashes. The eyelids very white, smooth and unwrinkled.
(4) *Nose:* Small and straight, with very fine skin.
(5) *Mouth:* Clear-cut, with sensitively moulded lips.
(6) *Chin:* Softly rounded, with smooth, fine skin. No blemishes or large pores to spoil its youthful perfection.
(7) *Hair:* Dark and silky—a lovely foil for a transparently fair and delicate skin.

• • •

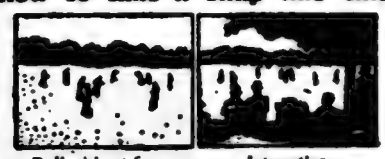
LADY KINROSS, wife of Baron Kinross, is tall, slender, blue-eyed, with an exquisitely delicate skin. Her war-work is nursing. She says: "Fatiguing work always makes one's complexion lined and tired. So whenever my skin shows signs of strain I spend a little extra time with Pond's Creams. They work such wonders in keeping my skin soft and smooth."

P.S. HAVE YOU TRIED **POND'S** *Lipstick?*

Democracy . . .

Howard Coster, the celebrated photographer of men, relied on a Selo film for this excellent picture of democracy at play. *You* can't do better! Selo films have extra speed for difficult light and extra latitude for exposure errors.

How to take a snap like this



Dull without frame *Interesting*

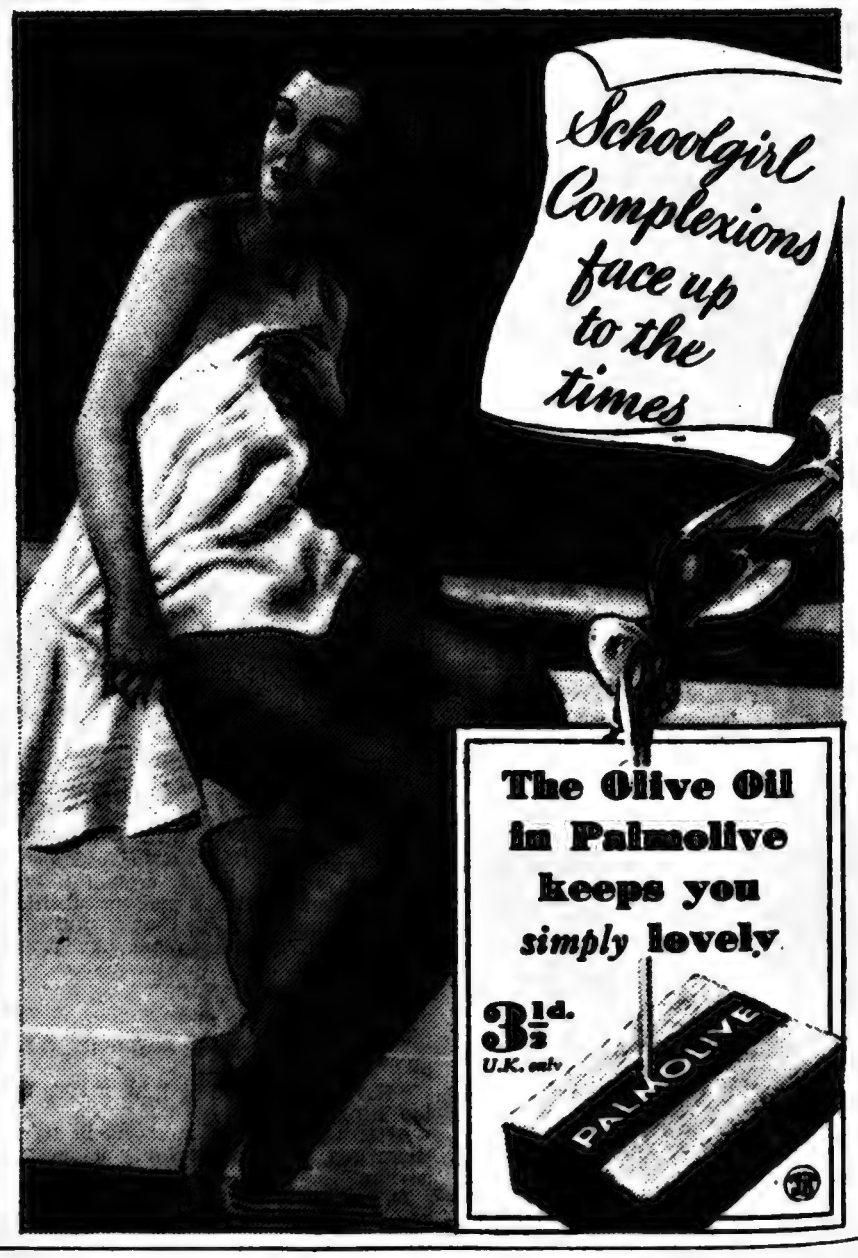
COMPOSITION. Notice excellent contrasts of foreground, middle and background. This is the ideal to aim for. But at any rate you can usually contrive a frame for distant scenes out of a tree in foreground—and *always* use a fast colour-sensitive film.

CAMERAS IN WARTIME. A free book, "What Photographs Can I Take in Wartime?" has been issued by Ilford Limited, and every photographer should have a copy. The supply is limited and if your dealer cannot give you a copy, write to Ilford Limited.

Extract from War Office Announcement: "Generally there is no ban upon the carriage of cameras in public places by persons other than enemy aliens, who would require a permit for this purpose. It is not forbidden to photograph views or objects except those expressly prohibited items contained in the Orders." 7.2.40.

SELO

BRITISH FILMS MADE BY ILFORD LIMITED FOR EVERY MAKE AND SIZE OF CAMERA
ILFORD LIMITED ILFORD LONDON



After 2 Years Baldness

"For two years I was bald all over the top of my head. I tried different preparations, but they did no good. I remained bald until I used Kotalko. New hair came almost immediately, and kept on growing. In a short time I had a splendid head of hair, which has been perfect ever since." H. A. WILD.

KOTALKO TRUE HAIR GROWER WAKES UP THE ROOTS

If Bald, Going Bald, Losing Hair through Dandruff or any other cause, post or send copy of Coupon below.

To JOHN HARY BRITTAIN, Ltd. 9 Percy St. (53 L.T.), London, W.1
Please send me, post paid, Testing Package of KOTALKO and KOTALKO SOAP, with directions, for which I enclose 3d. in stamps.
Name.....
Address.....

Kotalko is supplied by Boots, Timothy Whites and Taylors, and all Chemists and Stores; per box 5/- and 12/6. Kotalko Soap—the Tonic Shampoo, 1/6 per tablet.

ALL ABOUT BABY

A MESSAGE TO EVERY MOTHER

That bundle of sweetness in your arms is the most precious thing in the world—but sometimes very worrying. He can't tell you what's bothering him, and mother has to be so vigilant—so careful—so able to decide and act.

Expert guidance is such a boon in case of need. Such knowledge, for instance, as is contained in the famous Steedman's red book, "Hints to Mothers," which gives advice on all baby's little ailments and tells what to do in accidents or serious illness while awaiting the doctor.

This little book also serves to remind you of the wonderful properties of Steedman's Powders. Made specially for little systems—Steedman's give gentle regularity without harmful purging, while relieving feverishness and cleansing and cooling the blood.

The finest aperient from babyhood to fourteen years, they are obtainable everywhere at three-halfpence each, stamped with the double RR.

Send a postcard NOW for your copy of "Hints to Mothers." It is free and post free from John Steedman and Co., 270, Walworth Road, London, S.E.17.

PASTRYCOOK WITH A PUNCH

A. W. HELLIWELL introduces among the "Giants of the Ring" a vest-pocket fighter who made cream meringues when he wasn't fighting

YOU expect a prizefighter to graduate from the blacksmith's shop or the shipyard, but it is a little surprising to hear of a pastry-cook hanging up his apron and putting on boxing-gloves. Yet there was a time when it would have been dangerous to show any sign of amusement at such a transformation.

Monsieur Charles Ledoux may have spent most of his time making meringues and fancy gateaux, but he is still remembered among the great bantam-weight "scrappers" of all time.

Had you met him in his prime, in the days before the last war when he was the idol of Paris, you would never have thought of Ledoux as a fighting man.

A mild-eyed, quietly-spoken, inoffensive little fellow, a bare half-inch over 5 ft., he had neither the features nor the physique of the pugilist.

Yet it was Ledoux who, when not rolling dough and baking pastries, fought with such ferocity that he was called the Apache.

Few fighters have smashed their way to the front more sensationally. Ledoux won his first seventeen contests by knock-outs, eleven of them in the first round!

Only one opponent succeeded in holding him, and that was Georges Carpentier, then a tall, reedy, pale-faced youth.

They met at the Tivoli Boxing Arena, Paris, in October, 1909, and for fifteen rounds the fiery little pastry-cook tried his savage swinging attack against Carpentier's rapier-like left.

It was a clash between fighter and boxer, and in the end the boxer won, only by the narrowest margin.

In the first round, Carpentier, unprepared for the fury of Ledoux's onslaught, was almost overwhelmed. He reeled back to his corner on rubbery legs. It looked easy for the Apache.

Francois Descamps whispered shrewd words of advice into Carpentier's ear as he held smelling-salts beneath his nose and massaged the back of his neck to bring him back from the oblivion into which he had been hammered.

When Georges came out for the second round he skipped and danced and weaved and ducked. Never for a single second was he a stationary target for those terrible fists. Yet his own long left jabbed and prodded unceasingly.

Scorning defence, Ledoux took left after left full in the face, and often his dark head was jerked so far back that his neatly-parted hair almost rested between his shoulder-blades.

But he never took a backward step.

Always he walked forward, grim and silent, satisfied to waste three punches on the empty air if the fourth could be smashed home.

FOR ten rounds Carpentier kept this vest-pocket fighter at bay by speed of eye and foot. His skill and judgment were miraculous. Often he made Ledoux miss by the length of his arm.

When he walked back to his stool at the end of the tenth round, he was so far ahead on points that it seemed impossible that he could lose.

When not rolling dough or baking pastry, Charles Ledoux fought so ferociously they called him Apache

Yet he nearly did.

As he tired in the closing rounds, the tigerish little pastry-cook slugged him round the ring like a punch-bag.

Carpentier afterwards confessed that those last five rounds against Ledoux were the most terrible he ever fought. Tottering like a drunken man, deaf to the frenzied, distracted appeals from his corner, Georges tried in vain to find cover.

Only a miracle saved him from being knocked out as Ledoux's gloves crashed again and again into his aching ribs.

He was out on his feet when those flailing fists ceased to pummel his weary body. Georges fell into his manager's arms.

"Ledoux wins!" roared the crowd, but the lead Carpentier had established earlier in the fight just enabled him to scrape home. One more round and he would have been added to the Apache's list of victims.

The little Parisian's most terrible fights in this country were the two in which he encountered stocky Bill Beynon, the tough Welshman who developed the shoulders of a heavyweight hewing coal in the mines.

BEYNON was a dour, unyielding type of fighter, a typical slugger who depended on his tremendous strength and heavy punch to compensate for his lumbering slowness and lack of science. A rough-and-tumble suited him best.

He loved nothing better than to wade in with both fists swinging, and his astonishing capacity for absorbing punishment made him one of the most dangerous men at his weight.

Most of the Welshman's opponents wisely chose to box him at long range, but Ledoux never turned his back on a fight in his life. He had not only twice the speed of the swarthy miner, but also the skill and ringcraft to tie him in a dozen bewildering knots.

He stood toe-to-toe with him, swapping punch for punch, and twice this debonair little pastry-cook from the boulevards of Paris proved tougher than the dour miner.

In their second clash Ledoux slammed Beynon into unconsciousness after nine fierce rounds. The Welshman, burning to avenge his defeat of a few weeks before, fought with head lowered, fists swinging madly.

He charged like a bull, and his gloves thudded and hammered against Ledoux's slim body as he forced the Frenchman to the ropes.

For all his mighty strength, Beynon was no match for the man whose energies outside the ring were confined to making cakes.

Those compact little hands, which could make the finest, lightest pastry in Paris, steadily slugged the rugged miner to a standstill.

Ledoux took terrible punishment, but he was indifferent to pain. Nothing could stop him so long as he retained sufficient strength to keep his gloves moving. There never has been a bantam who could hit harder.

The greatest fighter ever to fall to Ledoux's devastating tactics was peerless Jim Driscoll—another Welshman.

The Frenchman knocked him out in the sixteenth round at the National Sporting Club.

This was in Jim's declining years, and Ledoux afterwards admitted that the Welsh Wizard gave him the boxing lesson of his life before he managed to nail him.

Voice of the People

- **Ex-Servicemen should Wear Ribbons**
- **Be Fair to "Week-end" R.A.F. Heroes**
- **Pink Sugar for Bitter Nazi Politics**
- **War Effort Delayed Because of an Apple**

★ This is YOUR corner — a weekly opportunity for readers to tell the world their news and views.

We pay 10s. 6d. for each letter published.

The address is: "Voice of the People," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

EX-SERVICEMEN of the last war, now's the time to wear your medal ribbons. "You didn't like to" earlier on, and your hesitancy was to some extent understandable.

Yet the time has come to show pride in service, to reveal to the waverers what a huge fund of latent and trained strength we still have if the enemy should dare to invade these shores.—R. W., late 2nd Battalion Leicestershire Regiment.

Hundreds of thousands of ex-Servicemen are ready to don their ribbons if the other fellow will. Who'll set the lead?

Foil These Idiots!

A CARPENTER recently rang up a London office. At the end of a business talk he said:—

"We've been bombed here all morning and have only been able to work between raids. The town's nearly empty, as everybody is making for the country with barrows and perambulators."

When I asked him what he meant, he replied: "Oh, it's only my fun."—J. B. Hunter, Lyndhurst Drive, Romford, Essex.

They also Serve

IN our little forge and stamp shop we have 73 ovens and 11 molten salt baths, all working at between 430 and 450 deg. Fahrenheit. Not a chink of light must escape. You can imagine the effects at night.

Add to this a few 8- and 20-ton hammers which shake the foundations under you and rattle your muscles!

We do this for ten hours every shift. Not a man complains.

There's not a man who doesn't say, if questioned about it: "What about the lads who are doing the fighting?"—M. Biddle, Swan Street, Alvechurch, near Birmingham.

It's a Rum War

TWO men have been sent home for a week from this war factory because they were caught eating an apple at their machines.

Yet they are skilled mass-production workers. The lads in France are waiting for the goods they make. Such treatment is worse than stupid. It's criminal. —(Name and address suppressed for obvious reasons.)

The writer of this letter has shown us that he himself is on three days' enforced holiday because he was unable to work one Sunday. And there's a war on!

Ask First

JUST a word to loyal people all over the country who want to club together to buy an ambulance for the succour of our fighting men.

Don't make your purchase before you have consulted the Red Cross.—"St. John." Leeds.

Approved type costs £550. For that sum the best possible type of vehicle is put into the field bearing the name and locality of the body of donors.

Pink-Sugar Politics

NAZIS appeal to the youth of Germany by offering them simplified politics. Fascism and Communism appeal to thousands of young people in this country for the same reason.

Good slogan stuff is the pink sugar they put round bad politics.

Let our three leading Parties learn the art of presenting their beliefs in a form that will suit the undeveloped mind, and there will be fewer complaints about youth being attracted by political extremes.—Secondary School Teacher, Nottingham.

Ersatz Physic

WILL there be ample supplies of cod-liver oil or halibut oil next winter now the British trawlers are "in the Navy" and Norwegian cod-liver oil supplies have ended.

To thousands of lung sufferers it is life itself—to many thousands more weakly children the mainstay that gets them through the perils of winter. No effort should be spared to acquire supplies.—L. Bannister, Manchester.

The Government is acquiring sufficient supplies for all to whom it is really important. For others there will be an excellent substitute made from groundnut oil (an Empire product) with added vitamins.

Army's Greatest Find

BRITAIN can't realise too well that the system of choosing Army officers from the ranks and barring all others would have robbed us of the most brilliant young officer of the last war, Lawrence of Arabia.—S. Thomas, Uxbridge Road, W.

Lawrence was handling Arab labour when that war broke out, and got a subordinate job in Intelligence. Allenby heard of his unusual gifts and availed himself of them.

Air Equality is Coming

"WEEK-END airmen" are still regarded as week-end airmen, although so many of them have blasted German machines out of the skies.

While would-be pilots just joining the R.A.F. get commissions without qualification, these men who are now seasoned fighters still have what is known as "temporary four-year commissions."

They are doing the same job as the peace time pilots of the R.A.F. Let them therefore have the same status.—Miss J. C., Uxbridge.

This is under consideration by the new Air Minister.

Never So Wasteful

I BOUGHT a box of biscuits the other day. There was a Cellophane outer cover, thin paper inside that, then a box of cardboard, layers of corrugated paper and finally shredded paper.

A pound of biscuits in these days should be served in a thin paper bag just big enough to hold a pound of biscuits and no more.—C. R., Horsham.

Such wasteful packing has now been stopped by the Paper Controller.

Mum says:
"Chaps like me thrive on **WEETABIX**"

Mother's, here's a picture of what Weetabix does for boys and girls. Do you know why Weetabix is so good for them? It's because Weetabix is made from 100% sun-ripened wheat with all the vital health-giving elements intact.
Young and old relish Weetabix not only at breakfast time but throughout the day. Delicious with hot or cold milk, or spread with jam, marmalade, honey, paste, cheese, sardines, etc. Saves your butter and is more sustaining than bacon. Always ready. No cooking. No preparation. British made.

FREE. Send us your name and address for a generous sample

Weetabix 6D & 10½D of all Grocery Stores

Weetabix Ltd., (Dept. J.B.10), Weetabix Mills, Burton Latimer, Northants

BAKED APPLES
Core apples and fill cavity with Sultanas—plenty of Sultanas and you won't need additional sugar. Bake in oven till tender — they'll have a new flavour you'll love.

BAKED APPLES ARE DELICIOUS . . . BUT BAKED APPLES

with Sultanas

ARE MORE DELICIOUS

★ Not only Sultanas, but Figs too, are cheap and plentiful now. Both these fruits are full of natural energy-giving sugar, which will sweeten many excellent dishes and save your sugar ration. Stock your larder with Sultanas and Figs NOW!

Now, more than ever,
the best value on the market

10 FOR 6D

Cork-tipped as well as Plain

Select . . . Compare . . . Decide . . . on the new

B.S.A

Streamlight
BICYCLE

NO OTHER BICYCLE HAS THESE 6 FEATURES

1. "Duragleem" Extra-Coat Process of Rust-proofing and Enamelling.
2. Gracefully designed B.S.A "Fulkrum" Reinforced Fork Crown, makes it the safest on the road.
3. "Staychrome" on all plated parts—the longest-wearing plating known.
4. "Spinway" Precision-Balanced Chainwheel—a B.S.A design no one can copy.
5. The famous B.S.A Hubs with an oil-smooth action.
6. Every part of a B.S.A "Streamlight" Bicycle is "Quintested" to conform with the standard of precision implicit in the B.S.A name.

Compare every point of the new B.S.A "Streamlight" with those of another bicycle—you will realise what precision, what finish, what neatness of design you get with the B.S.A. Ask your dealer to show you the new B.S.A "Streamlight" Bicycle to-day.

B.S.A "Streamlight" Models (men's or women's) from

£6 . 3 . 9

10/- Deposit on all Models
And from 2/11 per week

B.S.A Cycles Limited, 63, Armoury Road, Birmingham, 11

PLEASE ACCEPT THIS FREE GIFT COPY

of "Travel in War Time" by E. V. Morton, (author of "In Search of England", etc.) and a B.S.A "Streamlight" Bicycle Catalogue. Post this Coupon to B.S.A. Cycles Ltd., 63, Armoury Road, Birmingham, 11.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

63/1/6

WAR-NAUGHTY CHILDREN

HUMANIST

sampling the sunshine and shadow of everyday life, introduces Britain's happiest woman and solves the problems of two worried mothers . .

ONCE again the effects of war on young children is a topical question.

"The head mistress of an infant school," writes one mother, "tells me that she is continually receiving complaints about the restlessness and tiresomeness of children.

"The poor kiddies are unable to relax. They seem quite happy in school, but in the evenings and at week-ends they are peevish and quarrelsome.

"Older children are better—but when they reach the 'teens there is more delinquency than in normal times. The question is this: What should mothers do about it? A little advice from 'Humanist' would be valuable to a great many women who are as anxious as myself."

IN my opinion, young children should hear as little as possible about the war.

As things are, they overhear excited whispers and cannot help noticing signs of anxiety in their mothers' faces.

Children quickly catch the feelings of adults. They are sensitive to atmosphere.

Teachers know this, and in school the motto is "Business as usual." The normal routine has a steadying effect.

I wish all parents could adopt the same attitude when young children are within earshot. The more normal our conduct, the better for everybody.

As for boys and girls in the early 'teens, they feel they are being left out of things. This creates a sense of dissatisfaction and often causes them to commit small offences in order to find adventure.

If teachers and parents would point out that this behaviour is helping the enemy it would stop at once.

The average lad is longing to join the R.A.F. or to captain a submarine. It is hard on him to be doing nothing.

When we understand his point of view we shall be more ready to forgive and to help.

But here is a relief from war problems:—

"You write fifty-two pages in a year," says a woman reader, "and quote at least three letters on every page. A hundred and fifty-six stories of tragedy, sorrow, or human frailty!

"Let me tell you a story of happiness for a change.

War's strain tells on the young, too. But there's a common-sense cure

"SOME time ago I was desperately worried because the future looked so hopeless. The man I loved wanted to cut away because he thought he was standing between me and the possibility of married happiness.

"You told me to stand by him in his efforts to free himself from his burdens.

"I am everlastingly glad that I did so, because now, after long days and evenings of sheer hard work, the way is open to us, and in a few days I shall be his wife.

"Do you wonder, 'Humanist,' that I want to stand on tiptoe, throw my arms out wide, and sing for joy?

"I know there are dark war-clouds all round us, and we shall not have very much money.

"But if my man has to go and fight, then I shall carry on his job until he comes back, and do my bit by making his home just what we have always longed for."

Why have I quoted that letter? It does not ask me to solve a problem. But it gives a fair impression of life as we know it.

Sunshine and shadow; happiness here and tragedy there; and most of us have a share of each before we travel very far along the road.

"IN my heart I feel I have done the right thing," begins my next letter, "but my husband's anger makes me wonder if I am not wrong after all.

"My younger sister wrote to ask the loan of a pound.

"She said, 'I have got into a dreadful fix and dare not tell my husband. I have no one but you to turn to. Please help me and I'll promise never to do such a thing again.'

"Now I knew that my children had been saving their pocket-money for months to buy a pair of shoes for my birthday. I asked them if they would give me the money instead of shoes.

"They were disappointed, but they did so, though they knew that I needed the shoes badly.

"I borrowed a few more shillings to make up the pound and sent it to my sister last night.

"My husband says I am encouraging her to deceive her husband, and that now she has got out of her fix at my expense she will do the same again.

"I must say, in fairness to him, that the only time I hear from my family is when they are in trouble and want help."

WELL, his arguments cannot be denied. The younger sister has deceived her husband and he would be furious if he knew.

But I admire the woman's unselfishness. Clearly, she needs those shoes, and the children have been robbed of the pleasure of giving them to her.

They may not be so ready to save their pennies next year.

The husband has followed the dictates of his head; the wife has obeyed her heart.

No doubt she got a real "kick" out of her self-denial. She would have felt mean and miserable if she had done the "reasonable" thing and refused

But there must be no repetition of such incidents.

● *HUMANIST invites you to seek his advice when you are worried or perplexed. Address your envelope to 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. £1 1s. is paid for each letter quoted.*

300 of the Lads Just "Drop In" to Lunch

"Hullo! Is that Naafi?" "This is the Navy, Army and Air Force Institutes canteen. What can we . . .?"

"This is Eastern Command Headquarters. What's to-day's menu? We have a fresh company down."

"Well, there's tomato soup, roast pork and stuffing, steak and kidney pudding, cornish pasties—three assortments of potatoes, parsnips, mashed carrots, butter beans—steamed chocolate pudding, custard tart, sponge jellies, ice cream . . ."

"Good. There'll be three hundred men there in half an hour."

"Everything will be ready."

The canteen manager of the N.A.A.F.I. replaces the telephone receiver.

"That's the fourth time this week," he says, "and all parties from three to five hundred strong."

SUCH are the orders that "Naafi" canteens deal with daily from China to Jamaica, France to Aden—in all places, except India, where a British garrison may be serving.

"Naafi" is not a Government institution.

It does not cost the taxpayer a penny in time of peace or war.

It is a self-supporting Service trading concern, and profits are returned to the men in the form of rebates and such beneficial schemes as the finest variety entertainment in the world.

Its daily work is to provide everything from a razor blade to a music-hall programme, a regimental banquet to a Christmas dinner for a thousand children.

Every officer and man in the British fighting forces is a participator in its benefits, and there are no other shareholders.

One N.A.A.F.I. warehouse alone has a weekly output of thousands of tons of cakes, pasties, pies, pastries, bread, bacon, fresh meat, cheese, butter and fresh vegetables, beside vast stocks of hardware, glassware and cutlery such as no other concern in the kingdom could equal.

The Royal Navy is served by a fleet of motor-boats, and so that men of the Fleet shall not suffer because of the greater cost of supplies on foreign stations, a "flat rate" system of prices for all canteen goods other than fresh produce is now maintained.

Prices aboard warships are so regulated that, no matter where ships are stationed, charges are in line with those of the multiple shops at home.

Nearly every ship of any size now has its own canteen. Soda fountains form part of the standard canteen equipment, and on foreign stations ice cream-making machines are installed. In many ships, too, "Naafi" conducts lending libraries and bookstalls.

A special organisation, the Expeditionary Force Institutes, planned for war, was put into action as soon as the first British Expeditionary Force left England.

Retail shops are run to supply not only food, but also wines, spirits, tobacco, cigarettes, and the majority of articles officers and men may require, at prices they can afford.

Institutes are also provided with wireless sets, indoor games, cinemas and variety shows, and the cost is met by a discount of 5 per cent. on all goods being set aside to provide recreational facilities.

This discount also brings in enough revenue to provide newspapers (eight on week-days and ten on Sundays) at a cost of £100,000 per annum for a million men.

Phensic

is so different from other remedies I have tried

—THIS IS WHAT MANY USERS SAY

OF course Phensic is different from other remedies! Phensic is the most wonderful of all pain-relievers . . . the *quickest* —and the *safest*, and it does not harm the heart. There's nothing like Phensic for anyone suffering from:

RHEUMATISM, HEADACHES, NEURITIS, LUMBAGO

If you have never tried Phensic DO SO NOW! Feel its amazing 'pick-me-up' tonic effect. Prices: 3d, 6d. 1/3, 3/- & 5/-

Phensic

Pronounced "FEN-ZIK" *Brand*

THE POWERFUL SAFE PAINKILLER

And BEING WHITE it does not alter the original colour of Floors, Furniture or Linoleum

COBRA WHITE WAX FLOOR POLISH

A SHORT SHORT STORY

Holiday Wife

By

RENEE HARDING

"GOSH, Lucy—if only this weather keeps up!" Ken smiled happily at his wife. "I think I'll go along and see old Brown about hiring his boat," he went on. "Coming?"

"I've several things to do about the house, yet—" began Lucy.

"Oh, hang the house!" growled Ken. "This is our holiday, even if we are spending it at home this year." Whistling, he set off.

Alone, Lucy gave way to depression. Ken just didn't realise that with meals to prepare, dishes to wash, and washing to do, this holiday at home simply meant *extra* work for her. Suddenly contrite, she remembered that Ken himself hadn't grumbled once . . .

There was a sudden ring at the door. It was Mrs. King from across the road.

"Would you and Ken care to come to our little party tomorrow night?" she began.

Then, as Lucy's eyes filled: "My dear—whatever's the matter?"

"Oh, I'm tired out!" Lucy's defences were down. "I couldn't bear a late night tomorrow. It's washday, and I always feel such a wreck. It's the awful heat and steam from the copper . . ."

"Surely you don't still *boil* your wash?" cried Mrs. King.

"But of *course*! I'd never get the clothes clean otherwise!" Lucy's tone was shocked.

"That's what *I* used to think!" said Mrs. King. "Now cheer up! Tomorrow morning I'll pop across and help you out!"

★ ★ ★

HARDLY had Ken gone out after breakfast next morning, when Mrs. King hurried into Lucy's kitchen. Sorting the clothes, she made two piles of the whites.

"There!" she said. "We'll give the ordinarily dirty whites a 15-minute soak. The extra-dirty lot can go into the same suds for 20-minutes, afterwards."

"But aren't you going to boil them at all?" said Lucy doubtfully.

"No—not even for a second. There's no need, when you use Rinso!" explained Mrs. King. "There's no hard rubbing, either—you'll see. Just look at these lovely suds!"

To Lucy, used to spending hours in the hot, steamy kitchen on washday, it seemed no time at all before the whole wash was done, and the dazzling clothes blowing on the line.

Mrs. King smiled. "Yes—isn't it wonderful? And this Rinso method saves you more than half your fuel! Another thing—it's much easier on the clothes! You'll find Ken's shirts last much longer."

★ ★ ★

COOL river water lapped lazily against the punt, moored beneath the overhanging willows. So still was it that Lucy, deep among the cushions, started at the sound of Ken's whisper.

"So far away, dearest?" he teased her, gently.

She smiled. "Never so far away your arms can't bring me back . . ."

With a flutter of wings, a waterbird, disturbed, took flight, leaving them alone. . . .

R2962-515 ADVT.

RESTLESSNESS IN CHILDREN

The usual cause is constipation. When a child's bowels are full of poisonous waste-matter, natural rest is impossible. A spoonful of 'California Syrup of Figs' gently moves the bowels, clears away all clogging hard waste and leaves the little inside sweet and clean. Once rid of this disagreeable sour matter a child sleeps soundly and wakes up the picture of brightness.

Get a bottle of this safe laxative today, but be sure to ask for 'California Syrup of Figs' brand. Obtainable everywhere at 1/3 and 2/6. The larger size is the cheaper in the long run.

IMPORTANT TO WOMEN—

'California Syrup of Figs' is also the ideal remedy for constipation in your own case, since it ensures complete bowel action without the risk of disturbing functional regularity, which often happens when strong laxatives are taken.

THICK CATARRH

To drive out stubborn phlegm and stop hawking, sniffing and coughing, get the scientific Catarrh Remedy—"NOSTROLINE." Smear a little inside each nostril. Gently sniff it up. "NOSTROLINE" banishes clogging catarrh mucus in no time! Opens bunged-up breathing passages in 30 seconds! Kills germs. Reduces discharge. Soothes and heals inflammation. Ends Catarrh, Colds, 'Flu, Head Noises, Catarrhal Deafness. "NOSTROLINE" all Chemists, 1/3 and 3/-.

NOSTROLINE

Free Sample from "NOSTROLINE," J.86, Bristol, 8.

PAIN AFTER MEALS

Is your stomach still struggling with your last meal? You're gasping with wind and doubled up with indigestion. Why? Because your stomach is always too acid. It sours every mouthful. It turns meat into leather. You can stop these agonising attacks this very day by taking 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets. They relieve acidity at once. No matter what you eat, your stomach makes easy work of digesting it. No sour repeating, no heartburn, no flatulence, not a twinge of your old agony.

What about your next meal? Are you going to submit to torture when 'Milk of Magnesia' brand Tablets will save you? Make that meal the test. Get a tin of the Tablets now and have them in readiness. You'll be thankful you tried them. Neat flat tins for the pocket, 6d. and 1/-. Also family sizes, 2/- and 3/6. Obtainable everywhere.

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

DURING TEETHING

-keep Baby Happy.

with FENNINGS' CHILDREN'S POWDERS

SOLD IN BOXES—1/3 & 3/- also 1" each or 2 for 1½"

INSIST ON FENNINGS'

OVER 20 YEARS' REPUTATION

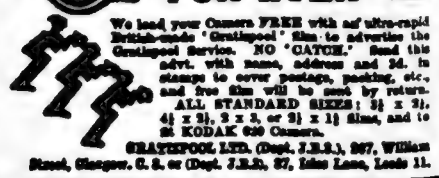
HAPPY BABY—HAPPY MOTHER

Best and safest for Children cutting their teeths. Contain nothing injurious to a tender babe.

WRITE FOR A FREE COPY OF FENNINGS' "EVERY MOTHER'S BOOK" to:—

ALFRED FENNINGS COWES Isle of Wight

FILMS FREE FOR EVER



We lend your Camera FREE with an ultra-rapid British-made 'Gratispool' film to advertise the Gratispool Service. NO "CATCH." Send this advt. with name, address and 3d. in stamps to cover postage, packing, etc., and free film will be sent by return.

ALL STANDARD SIZES: 2½ x 2½, 4½ x 2½, 2 x 3, or 2½ x 1½ films, and to fit KODAK 620 Camera.

GRATISPOOL LTD. (Dept. J.B.B.), 267, William Street, Glasgow, C. 3, or (Dept. J.B.B.), 27, Idle Lane, Leeds 11.

for smart healthy Hair .. *Enlist*

BRYLCREEM

THE PERFECT HAIR DRESSING

In handy Jars and Active Service Tubes . .

1/-

Larger bottles, 1/6, 1/9, 2/6

County Perfumery Co., Ltd., North Circular Road, W. Twyford, N.W.10.

royds 704b

Grin and Bear It!

YER WORSHIP!

By OLIVER PLUSH

AN American lawyer, criticising our police court procedure, says it's so stuffy that it scares most people silly. What he wants is a more chatty, matey atmosphere.

SCENE: Blow Street Police Court.

P.C. 999 (in witness box): When I pinched that ugly gink in the dock he was just leaving a pub in the High Street.

MAGISTRATE: Do you mean Old Charlie's place?

PRISONER: What a hope! I wouldn't be seen dead in that dump.

MAGISTRATE: Shut up, you! And what's the matter with Charlie's, anyway?

P.C. 999: Here! How about me getting on with the evidence? I've got a date at 4.30.

(Laughter in Court.)

USHER: Stow your row, you stiffs at the back, or someone will be taking a sock at you.

MEMBER OF PUBLIC: You and who else?

MAGISTRATE: Me, if you want to know! Anyhow, do pipe down and give the flattie a break.

P.C. 999: Good for you, old cock. Well, as I was saying——

PRISONER: Anyone got the time on them?

USHER: Five to four.

PRISONER: Lumme! And I've got a horse I *must* back for the four o'clock.

MAGISTRATE: O.K. Court will pack up till to-morrow morning. Don't be late, boys.

Still Trying

About the most optimistic bloke we've met in many a long day was the fellow who told us he was going to sue his wife for breach of promise. It appears she had promised to divorce him and then backed out.

MATTER OF COURSE

That racing expert you should shun
Whose game is "tip and also-run."

Can You Beat It?

Ten-year-old nephew complains bitterly that his doting sire has become a Strip Tease addict.

Dished

As those useless blokes who live to eat are to be stopped from having expensive luxury dishes, we will celebrate the glad tidings in proper manner.

No longer shall the wealthy class
Indulge in dishes rich and rare,
For very simple meals must be
Its only fare.

And if some guzzler starts to grouse,
Just hand him out a haughty stare
And say, "It's time you understood,
"It's only fair."

Sleep On, Pretty One

A fellow we know is so darned lazy that he never sets his alarm clock. He just marks a date on his calendar.

About the Limit

A young wife will put up with a husband who is untidy, drops cigarette ash on the best carpet, and parks his allotment tools in the elephant's-foot umbrella-stand; but when he tries to play her first attempt at a pancake on the gramophone, the fur starts flying.

It's a Dirty Lie!

The War Office announces that men serving with the B.E.F. may write home in Welsh or Gaelic, because arrangements have been made for the censorship to handle letters in these languages.

Indeed to goodness, Little Mam,
It's glad to be on land I am!
(The Censor scratched his head.)
On ship, ye ken, I felt a clown;
Ma parritch wouldna' stay put down.
(The Censor pursed his lips.)
But now, me bhoy, Oi've had a feed
And will not suffer for my greed.
(The Censor stamped it "Passed.")

Time Marches On

Informed by the Plush special representative to-day that Army clothing factories are turning out shirts at the rate of four a minute, Sister Susie heaved her needle and cotton into the fire and buried her head in an antimacassar.

Crying piteously, our special representative staggered through the back door into the vegetable garden, where he informed the lurking Plush cameraman that a good shot of Susie sobbing could be got through the french windows.

Picture was later turned down by the Censor on the grounds that it would affect the morale of the public.

OLD BILL
By Bruce Bairnsfather
"If yer gets sent to Norway it will be tough. No scroungin' around there with every 'ome comfort like you 'as now"

JOHN BULL'S GREAT PEN OFFER

CASH THE COUPONS

"JOHN BULL'S" PEN COUPON

3d

This Coupon with P.O. for 3/3 plus 3d. postage and insurance entitles you to a "John Bull" all-British self-filling Pen with 14-CARAT SOLID GOLD NIB, iridium tipped, fitted pocket clip. GUARANTEED 2 YEARS. Additional coupons up to four (any dates) will be accepted in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. You may send five coupons and P.O. for 3/3 plus 3d. postage and insurance.
DE LUXE unbreakable, 1/- EXTRA. State if fine, medium, broad or oblique nib.
Address—"JOHN BULL" PEN DEPARTMENT, 136-138, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.

THE LAST LAUGH

INFANTRYMAN (Chester).—"He drinks more beer than anybody else in the privates' mess." Perhaps he wants a transfer to the Tank Corps.

S. B. (Exeter).—"When I go for a camping holiday, I believe in going to bed early, whereas some people I know stay up half the night." Because their tent won't?

A. P. (Bolton).—"I told my girl friend I have a picture of her in my mind always." That must have made her feel pretty small.

P. R. (Wisbech).—"I'm passionately fond of riding, but I've not yet learned how to make a horse stand still." That's easy. Place a bet on it.

B. N. (Sale).—"My call at your office last week was the first time I've been to see you for ten years. Do you think I've changed much?" Rather—we shouldn't have recognised you if it hadn't been for the coat.

MRS. L. (Hetton).—"What is worse than a husband who is always talking shop?" A wife who is always talking shopping.

D. B. (Chelmsford).—"A bumping ball glanced off my head into the wicket-keeper's hands, and the umpire, evidently under the impression that it had touched my bat, gave me out." Perhaps he went by the sound.

R. N. (Birmingham).—"A prominent tradesman in this town told me yesterday that he now does slimming exercises every morning." Evidently he thinks he is becoming too prominent.

V. N. (Gosport).—"A most effective black-out can be obtained for even a large window if you have a shilling to spare for the material." And also if you haven't a shilling to spare for the meter.

D. N. (Ely).—"Before the war I used to smoke one cigarette on top of another." But wouldn't it be easier to have one in each corner of the mouth instead?

L. M. (Malvern).—"I have spent the best part of two years writing a novel." But, why, when you can buy one for sixpence?

C. C. (Liverpool).—"In the Post Office we at the counter obey orders promptly." Cashing them is another story?

HOUSEWIFE (Hampstead).—"Architects are at last beginning to realise the necessity of supplying Londoners with nice, roomy cupboards." Yes, but the agents still persist in calling them flats."

SERGEANT (Colchester).—"One private in my platoon is always acting the goat." Perhaps his idea is to get the job of regimental mascot.

DENTIST (London, S.W.1).—"When I told the Scotsman I should charge five shillings to draw his tooth, what do you think he suggested?" That you should just loosen it for him?

T. R. (Maidstone).—"Don't you think women's dresses are becoming shorter?" Yes, very much more becoming.

REFEREE (Bath).—"The captain of one of the teams was a blackguard. He told me I should be on a fiver if his side won." And on a stretcher if it didn't?

S. B. (Runcorn).—"Skylights should be done away with as they lead to draughts and damp walls." And to the roof, of course.

K. J. (Gloucester).—"He has proposed to me a dozen times during the last month." And you're wondering who it is he's practising for?

E. B. (Barnet).—"Now that cigarette-cards are no longer issued they tend to become more valuable." In fact, there are many instances of adults pestering small boys for them.

F. N. K. (Esher).—"I have trained my cat to be a strict vegetarian." Your mice must be very elusive.

T. E. (Wakefield).—"Whenever my husband and I go to the theatre we walk home. When courting we always used to take a taxi." That's why you have to walk now.

B. B. (Bilston).—"I had a terrific quarrel with my neighbour, and I would have given him a bad beating had I not been prevented." Who prevented you—your neighbour?

L. W. R. (Bicester).—"My boy friend makes me very tired lately." Perhaps you've been running after him too much.

ANGLER (Oxford).—"It was very big indeed—a terribly long fish. I never saw such a big one." We believe you!

Side-Slips

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Side-Slips." When the same "Slip" is submitted by more than one person that which arrives with the earliest postmark receives the award.

EVENING NEWS:—"He has used the same fountain PAIN."

THE HENLEY AND SOUTH OXFORDSHIRE STANDARD:—"Small cuts from the LION should also sell well."

SUNDERLAND ECHO:—". . . and then go through a training CURSE."

RETFORD AND DISTRICT TIMES:—". . . and to members of the committee who put in a great deal of hard WORK."

GRIMSBY EVENING TELEGRAPH:—"The tram took a RED safely."

MINNEAPOLIS STAR-JOURNAL:—"'Sunderland' long-range reconnaissance FRYING boats are fitted with four motors."

SLOUGH OBSERVER:—"Housewives asked the butcher shops for POET."

SOUTH WALES EVENING POST: "The sole SAUCE of revenue . . ."

DAILY MAIL: "He was not surprised to be told that D—— should offer to take a BRIDE of £10."

DAILY MAIL: "The forty-eight who took to the boats, thinking the ship had been mined, were picked up by the British PETROL."

THE GLASGOW HERALD: "The whole structure of the Budget, however, rests on the assumption that SWINGS on a very large scale will actually be made."

NAZI AMAZONS *to be sacrificed!*

Women were among the parachute troops dropped by Nazi aircraft, Dutch soldiers have revealed. Shameful—yes. But the Fuehrer has another trick up his sleeve that will be even more surprising than his treacherous fifth column parachutists.

★

WHEN it is necessary, Hitler intends to pour hundreds of thousands of Nazi amazons, fully trained women soldiers, into the field to supplement the decimated ranks of German youth.

Once he has made good his threat to "sacrifice millions of German soldiers" in a vain effort to achieve victory, he will expect these militarised girls to march to destruction with the same equanimity. And Nazi war lords have already prepared to push women into gaps caused by the destruction of grey-clad divisions of men.

Frau Scholz-Klink, leader of Germany's women soldiers, has been told to complete the full military training of the Nazi girls in her command.

Hundreds of German army officers have been employed to advise sub-leaders of this Nazi girls' organisation, the "Bund Deutscher Maedel"—German girls' association and equivalent to the boys' Hitler Youth—on military strategy.

At last the real reason for the conscription of German girls is clear.

They have been trained and drilled with the same ruthless efficiency as the Nazi men who are being callously hurled into the carnage in Belgium and France.

These girls have not yet been asked to enter the firing line.

But they are waiting only for the word Go.

The way in which the Nazi High Command asked that German women on Polish soil should assist invading troops by acting as saboteurs, snipers or rumour-mongers, shows that they are quite willing to employ women for their dirty work.

And from the first day of Hitler's régime girls were enrolled with the boys in Nazi child organisations.

Apart from their "political education," the girls were "trained" physically, had to endure long marches and become accustomed to camp life under warlike conditions. Each of these girls was forcefully transmuted into an ardent little Nazi.

To die for Hitler was her greatest national duty.

When the girls became senior members of the Nazi Youth Organisation, they were at seventeen forced to join the N.S. Frauenschaft (National Socialist Womenhood), which operates in groups, each of them devoted to a specific war time purpose.

"Compulsory service" for women between seventeen and twenty-five was introduced at the outbreak of war, and the Nazi girls' land army came into being.

N.S. Frauenschaften girls were taught to use rifles and other weapons of modern warfare. Under a pretence of developing the health and the beauty of the Nazi nation, demands on the girls' physical endurance became more severe.

To-day there are 1,200,000 Nazi girls waiting to be sent into action.

Thousands of them gained their first experience of war in Poland.

Following on the heels of Nazi troops and Black Guards, Nazi girls entered occupied regions of Poland to do work usually fulfilled by men.

Girls built camps behind the lines within range of Polish artillery. They looked after field kitchens and "entertained Nazi troops."

Hitler and his army chiefs were convinced that this sort of "entertainment" was beneficial for the morale of the Nazi troops, even though immoral.

In occupied Poland, Stormtroopers and soldiers danced with uniformed Nazi girls—in churches to "swing" tunes played on organs that had hitherto been used only for sacred music.

Now that the war in the West is developing, Nazi strategists declare quite openly that the girls will have a still greater part to play. Cynically and shortsightedly, they assert that the lives of these girls can be sacrificed more economically than the men soldiers whose places they will take.

They have been taught willingness to die for Hitler. And soon they will be sent to die—as soldiers!

The girls themselves may not entirely share this perverted view. But, it must be repeated, they are willing to die for the Fuehrer.

These Nazi amazons are soldiers to all intents and purposes. They have been drilled like their fathers and brothers. They wear uniforms and carry arms.

Now they are ready for action.

When the first women parachutists were dropped over Holland, Nazis expected that it would be more difficult to detect them as spies and saboteurs.

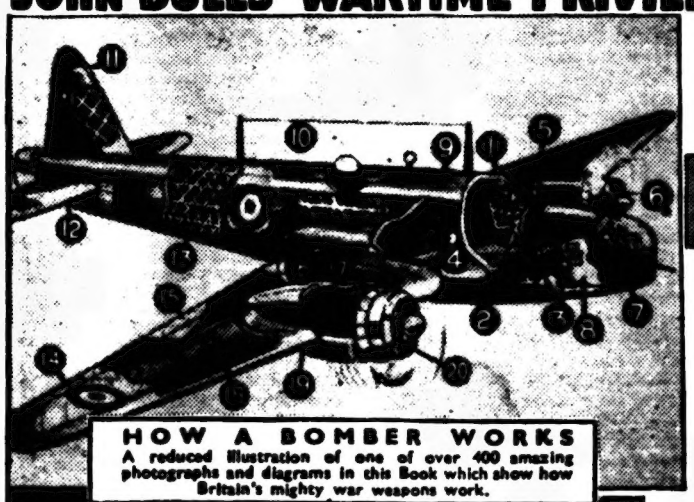
Hitler's perverse mind also counts on chivalry of his enemies He knows French and British soldiers will not shoot women.

So he is sending women into battle, instructing them to kill and to fight, to sabotage and to spy.

'JOHN BULLS' WARTIME PRIVILEGE BOOK SERVICE TO ITS READERS

LAST CHANCE!

PLUS 1/- WHICH INCLUDES CARRIAGE, PACKING, INSURANCE ETC.



HOW A BOMBER WORKS
A reduced illustration of one of over 400 amazing photographs and diagrams in this Book which show how Britain's mighty war weapons work.

BRITAIN'S WONDERFUL FIGHTING FORCES

OVER 400 AMAZING PICTURES & DIAGRAMS

Size: 9 in. deep, 6½ in. wide

HURRY! So great is the demand for "BRITAIN'S WONDERFUL FIGHTING FORCES" that this Order-Label is the last to be published. It's Now or Never if you want to secure the greatest and most enthralling War Book of all time. Don't be too late. Now, while you think of it, cut out the Final Order-Label on right and post at once! In the ordinary way this book would cost you £1 1s.—yet "JOHN BULL" is making it available at an astonishingly low privilege price—absolutely staggering value. Applications will be dealt with in strict rotation. You send no Reservation Fee—no money now. Simply complete the Order-Label and post at once. In 448 pages, 100,000 words and over 400 amazing photographs and diagrams, this book shows and explains in detail, for the first time, the marvels and secrets of Britain's Fighting Forces—How everything actually works! How battles on land, sea and air are planned and fought.

Look at just a few of the thousands of fascinatin things dealt with in this entirely new book—

SECRETS OF THE AIR. How planes are made—How they are used—How they fly—How bombing and dive bombing is carried out—How we raid the enemy—How fighters attack—What happens in a "dog-fight"—How a plane's guns work—How searchers lay mines—How the Security Patrol operates—How instruments and controls work—How the Coastal Command works—How pilots fly blind—How pilots do somersaults—How planes take photographs—How a camera gun works—How aircraft assist artillery—How planes carry troops—How a parachute operates—How our Air Force is organised and controlled—How pilots and gunners are trained—How planes are made, etc., etc., etc.

Strengths of various navies—What our fleet is and how it works—What it's like to be a sailor—Types of vessels and their uses—Types of guns—How gunners find the range—How a submarine works—How a torpedo is fired—How minesweepers work—How mines are laid—How enemy submarines are located—How depth charges are fired and exploded—The secret of the magnetic mine—How battleships, cruisers and destroyers are made—How a fleet goes into action—The battle of the River Plate—How destroyers escort convoys—How a submarine dives—How a blockade is enforced, etc., etc.

HOW PARACHUTE TROOPS WORK..HOW TANKS ATTACK—How the Army is fed and clothed—How soldiers go into action—What patrols and listening posts do—How an artillery barrage is made—How all kinds of big guns are made and fired—Types of tanks and how they work—How rifles, machine guns, hand grenades, flame throwers, anti-tank guns and gas cylinders work—How trenches and dug-outs are made—How tank traps are laid, etc., etc.

Every family with someone in the Forces will want this book. Every fighting man will want it, too. This work is a beautiful Library volume. For the STANDARD EDITION with stiff covers bound in Blue Morocco-grained Art Cambric, embossed in Gold, you send after you have received your Invoice only 5/6, plus 1/-, which includes carriage, packing, insurance, etc. For the DE LUXE EDITION bound in Scarlet Morocco-grained Art Leathercloth, embossed in REAL 22-CARAT GOLD, you send after you have received your Invoice, only 6/6, plus 1/-, which includes carriage, packing, insurance, etc.

DO THIS NOW!

Fill in Final Order-Label on the right. Be sure to indicate Edition required. Affix a penny stamp and post at once. On receipt of Order-Label JOHN BULL will send an Invoice entitling you to secure your book on the special privilege terms. You then send remittance and your volume will be dispatched carriage paid. HURRY! Don't be too late. Post Final Order-Label AT ONCE.

You MUST indicate Edition required by crossing out either Standard or De Luxe on the Label below. Affix a penny stamp to Label and post in an unsealed envelope bearing a penny stamp to:—"Fighting Forces" Book Dept. J.P.2, 30, Bartlett Street, London, W.C.2 (Prof.)

CUT HERE

FIGHTING FORCES

Cross out EDITION not required.

Standard

De Luxe

A penny stamp MUST be affixed here by you.

Write below in BLOCK LETTERS.

NAME

FULL POSTAL ADDRESS

Applies only to Great Britain, N. Ireland & Eire. J.P.B. 1/6/40

WIN this ALL-CASH 1 PRIZE for TWO, THREE or FOUR SIMPLE WORDS!

"BULLETS" 1,220 RESULT

FIRST PRIZE, £200:

Mrs. A. GREENWOOD, 5, Clarendon Road, Garston, Liverpool.
Example: IN INDUSTRY'S RANKS
Bullet: DON'T RISK "LOSING DAY"!

SECOND PRIZE, £25:

J. J. FROST, Wash Corner, Fordham, nr. Colchester.
Example: Hard To Explain
Bullet: Carries Gas-mask—Walks Recklessly!

THIRD PRIZE, £10:

J. FRANCIS, 275, Manchester Road, Audenshaw, Manchester.
Example: Smaller And Smaller
Bullet: Troubles—Smiler Meeting Smiler.

£5: J. Ashton, 74, Alder Crescent, Luton, "In Industry's Ranks—" Improperly Dressed" Unless Shirt-sleeves. **£4:** K. Bristow, 161, Delaware Road, London, W. Watching And Waiting —" Old Uncle *Sam*, Wobbly!" **£3:** Mrs. L. Jones, 21, Lower Priory Street, Northampton. Good Propaganda—We Need—We " Ned "!

TEN PRIZES OF £2 10 0:

F. Ayton, 2, Roskell Road, Putney, London, S.W. Holidays Are Coming, But—Wifey's Bought *Me* Spade! F. G. Browne, 58, Lyndhurst Road, Exmouth, S. Devon. Daring Deed—Didn't Seem, During Deed. T. G. Dupe, "Rowans," Homestead Road, Kempshott, Basingstoke. To The Rescue—Where America *Doesn't* Hustle. N. J. Fishlock, 86, Hartley Down, Purley, Surrey. Job For A Zeppelin—Designer—Making Goering's Parachute! C. McWeilan, "Robin Hood," Newark. Why I'm Lonely—*She* Couldn't Stand Loneliness. W. Paxton, 12, Riversdale Road, Highbury, London, N. Smaller And Smaller—Neutrals—" Shrank " From Uniting. B. Rose, 1, Devonshire Terrace, Goose Green, London, S.E. The Day Will Come When—Dad Grows Own *Hops*! L. S. Taylor, 88, Canterbury Grove, West Norwood, London, S.E. Smaller And Smaller Boaster, " Descending From Clouds." F. H. Ward, 53, Lytton Road, Leicester. Our Good Certain, Despite Conflict's " Spread." W. Williams, 269, Old Road, Briton Ferry, Glam. Why I'm Rich—" Golden " Slumbers, My Eldorado.

List of 25 winners of 10s. and 200 Surprise Award winners can be seen at these offices.

UNLIMITED FREE SAVINGS STAMPS.—Prepaid Entry Vouchers at 6d. each are now obtainable from JOHN BULL in batches of 5 for 2s. 6d. P.O.—or 10 for 5s. P.O. No less than 5 per cent. of amount you pay for these Vouchers is refunded to you in FREE National Savings Stamps. Application may be enclosed with *Bullets* or Crossword entry.

USE any of these "EXAMPLES"

To make a "Bullet," simply add TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the "Examples" below:

DICTATOR WINSTON
BLOOD AND TOIL
THE NAZIS ARE STRONG, BUT
FOR LOVE OF LIBERTY
HITLER'S POLICY
GALLANT LITTLE ALLY
OVERDUE
ON THE WATCH
OLD PALS
IN THE END
SOMETHING TELLS ME
DOESN'T FOLLOW
AUNTIE SAW A PARACHUTE AND
IN VAIN
DOWN BY THE SEA
KNOWS EVERYTHING
WISHING HE HADN'T
FEELING THE DRAUGHT
SACRIFICES ARE NEEDED, SO
UNITED FOR VICTORY

Six "Examples" here are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line.

..... TO BRITAIN
MAKES ..... A
..... PROBLEM
SINCE ..... CAME
WASTED .....
TAKING HIS .....
FRIEND OF .....

ENTRY-FEE

Coupons must be accompanied by crossed P.O., made payable to JOHN BULL, at the rate of 6d. for each two "Bullets" entered. Write name, address and date of posting on back. If preferred, stamps at the rate of 3d. for each "Bullet," firmly stuck to separate piece of paper, may be enclosed instead of P.O.

ADDRESS ENTRY:

"BULLETS"
No. 1,224,
"JOHN BULL,"
LONG ACRE,
LONDON, W.C.2
(Comp.)

Crosswords returned enclosed covered by combined entry-fee.

FREE HELP AWAITS YOU

Pause before you stick down that *Bullets* envelope! Have you enclosed your Address Label for *Bullets Bulletin*, cut from foot of Crossword Coupon on this page? You need the free weekly help which has guided hundreds of entrants to success, so do not miss this opportunity of securing your free copy for the mere payment of postage.

WIN £200 BULLETS' FIRST PRIZE THIS WEEK ONLY

2,240 PRIZES FOR RUNNERS-UP—MORE THAN IN ANY OTHER CONTEST!

£25 £10 £5 £4 £3

10 of £2 10 25 of 10/-

200 SURPRISE AWARDS VALUE 5/-

2,000 "GOOD SHOT" PRIZES EACH EXCHANGEABLE IF PREFERRED FOR 2 SAVINGS STAMPS

20 BONUSES each value £1

The 20 entrants for this Contest whose sets of Four "Bullets" on one coupon show most all-round merit will each receive a Bonus Award value £1.

RULES.—1. First prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best *Bullet* received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every *Bullet* received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Postal Order, or Stamps stuck to separate pieces of paper must be enclosed for entry-fee. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

Example .....
BULLET _____
Example .....
BULLET _____
Example .....
BULLET _____
Example .....
BULLET _____

I agree to enter in accordance with Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at rate of 6d. for each two *Bullets* on this coupon.

P.O. ..... No. .....

"BULLETS" 1,224
Closing postmark
SATURDAY, JUNE 8

FREE "BULLETS" You may enclose 2 FREE "Bullets" on plain paper if you enter fully completed 4-effort coupon above.

SIGNED _____

ADDRESS _____

FOR YOUR HELPFUL FREE 'BULLETIN' **ENCLOSE ADDRESSED LABEL** FROM FOOT OF THIS PAGE

ENTER on SQUARES BELOW for "John Bull's" ENTERTAINING X-WORD!

INCREASED 2-1 FIRST in John Bull's X-WORD!

£25 WEEKLY for LIFE and **£100 CASH**

£250 IN LUXURY CASES

UNLIMITED SURPRISE AWARDS · 2 RUNNERS-UP!

X-WORD RULES AND CONDITIONS

Work out Puzzle with guidance of Clues provided—fill up entry-form in ink, not pencil—post (with necessary entry-fee) to bear postmark of not later than Saturday, June 8.

Entry-fee at the rate of 3d. for each Puzzle Square completed must be submitted by Postal Order or stamps. If using Postal Order, make payable to Odhams Press Ltd., cross "/& Co./," and fill in its number on entry-form. If using STAMPS, write "Stamps" and their total value in P.O. space—such stamps to be firmly affixed to one separate piece of paper. No entrant may submit more than 16 Puzzle Squares or equivalent.

Aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to Clues form the standard of excellence by which all entries for this Crossword will be judged under the supervision of an expert Adjudication Committee—and all decisions will be based on the answers of competitors.

Result and winning Puzzle Square will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, June 20; entries accepted only on the condition that the published result of the double adjudication establishing Winners and Runners-up is regarded as final, and no responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid, and no correspondence can be entered into.

Should First or any other prize be shared, the lump sum will be divided between entrants eligible to share it; not more than one First or Runners-up prize, plus one other award, allowed to any one entrant.

Acceptance of the Findings of the Adjudication Committee in regard to the most meritorious entries and of the Editor of "John Bull" in all other matters is a condition on which entries are accepted and is legally binding on all entrants. Failure to comply with any of these Rules and Conditions involves disqualification.

Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

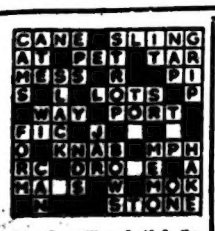
ADDRESS ENTRY: Crossword No. 205, "John Bull," 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.).

ACROSS CLUES

1. May give burglar an unwelcome reception
2. There are some circumstances when one might want wire to be this
3. Pulse is often taken by this
10. Will probably be weary after day's drilling
15. Speculator's best chance of investing profitably might be this
16. Current may be too much for one
17. Too much of this may well spoil one's enjoyment of radio programme

DOWN CLUES

1. Any wise man will tell you to think hard before you take one
2. Propaganda story isn't likely to improve people if it's just this
4. A light one would probably not appeal to those who like solid fare
5. If thread is badly damaged it may be as well to replace this
6. Guest it sometimes offered after dinner
7. Won't be forgotten by countrymen
8. There's no secret about the kind in which magnet is used
9. Expert can analyse this to find if it's worth anything
11. If supply of this were cut off, many factories would be badly hit
12. Gluttons are people who do this to eat
13. One may find it hard to ignore this when constantly pressed
14. Artist occasionally needs this of some particular colour for his painting



The Committee decided the most apt and accurate Answer were those seen in square above. Blank spaces indicate that at these points ACROSS or DOWN, EAGE or EAGL, TOT or TOTT and TAP or TUP were regarded as Answers of equal merit.

RESULT AND WINNING SQUARE—X-WORD No. 202.

In connection with "John Bull" Crossword No. 202, the Adjudication Committee decided that the entrants who indicated the most meritorious sets of Answers for one square (see on right) were the following three competitors:—

Miss E. HOLDEN, 2, Finsbury Avenue, Rowton Heath, Manchester.
R. H. ROSE, "Roisdon," Wigton, Exeter.
A. GERSHON, 15, Stuart Place, Nottingham.

These competitors share the First Prize of £250, and a cheque for £83 6s. 8d. will be sent to each.

The Award of £100 to Runners-up has been divided between 20 competitors from whom we received entries inferior in merit by reason of only one less apt and accurate answer compared with the best entries received. These winners will each receive £2 2s. 6d. A list of these Runners-up can be seen at the "John Bull" offices, and will have been notified.

A useful Surprise Award will be posted this week to each of 200 entrants from whom we received an entry differing from entries of Runners-up by only one less meritorious answer.

WINNING WORDS. Across—1. Gun. 5. Sing. 6. Pet. 8. Lair. 9. War. 10. Boom or Brave. 12. Slam or Rout. 17. Stone. Down—1. Guess. 2. Gave. 3. Grip. 4. Hash. 7. Sun or Tow. 8. Tap or Tup. 10. Foam. 11. Ban. 13. Boom. 14. Rake. 16. Gas.

Full reasons for Committee's Findings appear in "Crossword Gazette." To secure your FREE COPY use address label on right.

SEND THIS 4-SQUARE COUPON INTACT, WHATEVER YOUR ENTRY

I agree to enter in accordance with Rules and enclose P.O. (or Stamps on separate paper) for entry-fee as directed.

J.B. X-WORD No. 205, Closing Postmark, SATURDAY, JUNE 8.

P.O. Value ——— No. .....

Don't omit to complete Label below.

NAME.....
ADDRESS .....
.....
.....

WIN £200 FREE!

If you submit Crossword Entry value 1s. or over, you may enclose TWO "Bullets" FREE for current offer.

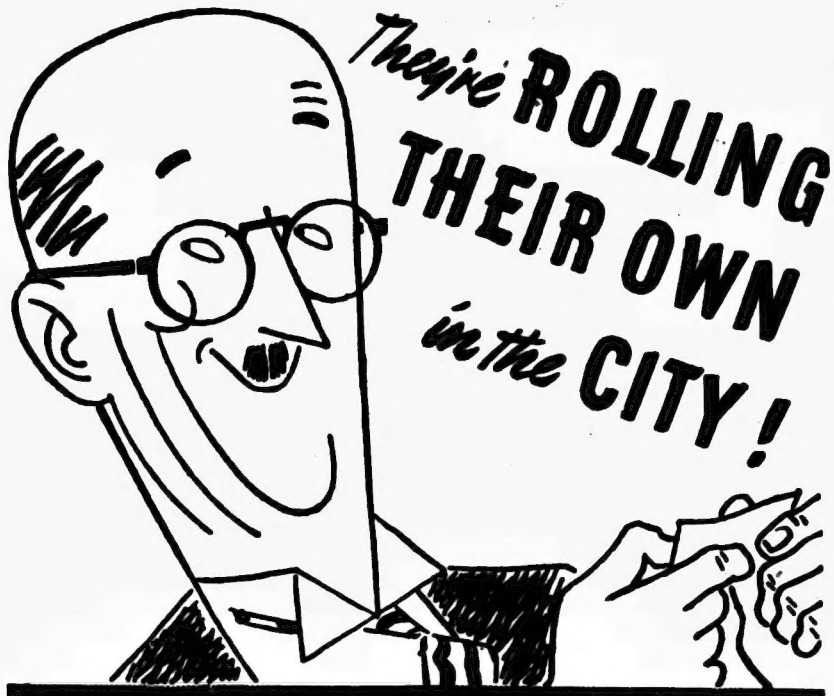
FREE GAZETTE & BULLETIN — ADDRESS LABEL

To secure your FREE copy of Crossword Gazette & "Bullets" Bulletin, dated June 22, you must affix 1d. stamp for postage on adjoining space and address LABEL fully to yourself.

APPLICANTS MUST AFFIX 1D STAMP HERE FOR POSTAGE

NAME.....
ADDRESS .....
.....
.....

CUT ROUND THIS LINE



TO GET QUALITY CIGARETTES *for less money!*

THE Budget's done one good thing. It's shown people that if they want quality cigarettes for less outlay, they've got to "roll their own" with Gainsborough. Everywhere, on the Stock Exchange, in the Law Courts, in the Forces, they're rolling their Gainsboroughs and enjoying cool, soothing cigarettes.

It's easy to ROLL YOUR OWN CIGARETTES *like an expert!*

Maybe your first two or three efforts will raise a laugh. But pretty soon you'll find rolling your own Gainsboroughs is as easy, and quicker, than filling a pipe, and directly you've got the knack, you'll find yourself rolling real "tailor-mades". Of course, if you're really and truly lazy, you can get a cheap and efficient pocket cigarette machine at your tobacconist.

FREE! *With every ounce of Gainsborough you get a packet of 30 cigarette papers!*

GAINSBOROUGH

GOLDEN RETURNS

CIGARETTE TOBACCO

(IN FRANCE FRS. 3.75 per oz. tin *At all N.A.A.F.I. Canteens*) **1/3 AN OUNCE**

★ ALSO GAINSBOROUGH MIXTURE FOR PIPE SMOKERS 1/3 AN OZ.

MASON'S O.K SAUCE

THE SAUCE THAT DOES YOU GOOD

Her teeth are "white lies"

She's lucky to have such white teeth, they say. Lucky . . . ? Why, these teeth are sham-white! Lovely to look at—but dulled with unpleasant tartar behind, where it's never seen. *Un*lucky she doesn't use Solidox.

The day she—or anyone, including you—starts to use Solidox disagreeable tartar begins to disappear. Remember this . . . ordinary brushing fails to move tartar. Can't move it once it has taken hold.

Solidox *does* move tartar—because Solidox is the only toothpaste that contains the anti-tartar ingredient Ricinosulphate. Remember this, tartar can form breeding places for germs that may cause serious trouble in teeth and gums. Solidox prevents that risk.

You'll find Solidox pleasant to use. And it's so gentle it can't harm enamel. When you pay the dentist your regular visit he'll guess you're using Solidox. There won't be all that tartar to remove.

The mirror says "Danger!" It shows the tartar that lies behind "sound" teeth.

Tartar is often the first sign of trouble. That's why dentists all over the country recommend and approve Solidox. It helps them in their fight to eradicate this danger to sound teeth. Solidox both prevents and removes tartar. You're more than wise to use it!

Covered by British Patent No. 259942

JOHN KNIGHT LTD., LONDON, E.16

SOL 20-65-65

Printed in Great Britain and Published Weekly by the Proprietors, ODHAMS PRESS LTD., Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Post free Inland and Canada 13s. per annum; all other parts of the world. 15s. 2d. per annum. Postage: Inland and Canada 1d.; all other countries 1½d. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Agencies for Australia & New Zealand: Gordon & Gotch, Ltd. For South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd. Agents for Canada: Imperial News Co., Ltd., also Canadian Wholesale Newsdealers' Association, Ltd. For America: International News Co., 131, Varick Street, New York, U.S.A. Also on sale at W. H. Smith & Son, Ltd.'s Bookshop at 248, Rue de Rivoli, Paris, and Messageries Dawson, 4, Rue du Faubourg Poissonniere, Paris, France.